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BEFORE DEATH.

BY A. C. S.

Sweet mother, in a minute's span,
Death parts thee and my love of thee;
Sweet love, that yet art living man,
Come back, true love, to comfort me,
Back, ah! come; ah! wellaway!
But my love comes not any day.

As roses when the warm west blows
Breathe to full flower and sweeten spring,
My soul would break to a glorious rose,
In such wise at his whispering,
In vain I listen: wellaway!
My love says nothing any day.

You that will weep for pity of love
On the low place where I am lain,
I pray you, having wept enough,
Tell him for whom I bore such pain,
That he was yet, ah! wellaway!
My true love to my dying day.

THE DOCTOR'S SECRET;

—OR,—

Richard Westwood's Wife.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORIE'S TRIALS," "IVY'S PROBATION," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHRISTMAS was come when Armine and her friends arrived at Dresden—an ideal Christmas shining like a blessed angel guest over a fair white world. The soft falling snowflakes had dropped as mysteriously as SantaClaus himself, on red-brown house-tops, and on the gray roofs of the toy booths in the market square. The joy of the Children's Festival was in the snow-besprinkled streets filled with the happy faces of holiday little ones, and over all the quiet German town, wakened up and astir for the blessed *Weihnacht*.

"Grandmamma and grandpapa are going to take us out to the fair in the market place, to buy toys for the Christmas-tree," little Lelie Marsden said to Armine, "and you must come too. Oh, do come! It is so beautiful; and grandpapa has given me a whole thaler to spend. All the square is filled with toys and lovely things, and the Christmas trees are planted in the streets in rows ready to be bought, and all powdered with snow, and we are going in sleighs. You must come, dear Mrs. Westwood, and help me to choose my presents; you know they are secrets, and none of the rest must see. I hope we shall stay out till the lamps are lighted—it is like fairy-land then."

The child clung about the "pretty new lady" who had captivated her susceptible young heart, and insisted upon monopolizing her on a delightful tour over the enchanted regions

Armine smiled and brightened as she entered into the mysteries of the little girl's purchases, and forgot herself in the little one's festival.

They had separated themselves from the rest of the party, and Lelia was absorbed in a grave deliberation on the respective merits of a drum or a trumpet for little Ernest, when Mrs. Westwood suddenly started, caught the little girl by the hand, and turned quickly aside into one of the toy-alleys.

"What is it? What is the matter? Are you ill?" cried the little girl, looking up at her in alarm. "You are so pale," and Armine hushed her with a trembling hand. "Where is grandmamma! Let us find grandmamma!"

"Mrs. Westwood!"-cried a voice behind them—Harry Falkener's. "Is it possible? I did not expect to meet you here. What happy chance has brought you to Dresden?" he said. "When did you leave Combe-Priors?"

His bored look had vanished; his face was radiant.

"I have only just arrived," Armine explained, forced to say something. "I—I—Mr. Falkener, as we have met, I must ask you not to mention me in your letters to Combe-Priors."

She spoke with painful hesitation, and Harry Falkener drew his own conclusions with ready triumph.

"I neither write nor receive letters," he answered, "I came abroad to—to forget everything and everybody. I have found the task harder than I anticipated," he added, lowering his voice. "Is Dr. Westwood with you?"—looking around and seeing no one but the child, whose large eyes were fixed upon him curiously.

"No," Armine replied; "I have left Combe Priors. I am here with strangers—as companion to a lady," she added, simply

Harry Falkener's eye flashed with renewed hope. She had refused the doctor; she had fled away from Combe-Priors; she was there alone, and his good luck had brought him in her way just when—when—she might need a friend. Surely such a fortuitous chain of circumstances might mean something in his favor.

"It is very cold," said Armine, shivering. "Lelia, we must look for the others and go home."

"But I have not spent my thaler yet," remonstrated the child.

It took a long time, the spending of that Christmas box, and when it was done Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie were nowhere to be seen, and it was late—so late that the lamps were all lighted.

The strange gentleman offered to walk home with them, but Mrs. Westwood asked him to call a sleigh; and then she hesitated so long over giving the address to the coachman that Lelia had to call it out herself. And, although there were four places in the sleigh, Mrs Westwood never offered the gentleman one—although he had carried all the toys—which Lelia thought very unkind.

"And he was so nice and so handsome, and he held Mrs. Westwood's hand so long, and seemed so pleased to see her," the child added, when she told the whole story at home.

"My dear," said Mrs. Gillespie, coming to Armine in her room at bed time, "Lelia tells me you met a friend this afternoon in the fair. I hope you asked him to come and see you. We shall be delighted, Mr. Gillespie and I, to see any friend of yours."

"Thank you," returned Armine quietly.

She was not at all sure that she would not be glad herself to see Mr. Falkener again, if—if he should call. The breath of home which he had brought with him had roused a thousand longings—a thousand regrets; he was the one link in the stranger land, amongst new faces and new friends, between her and all the old dear life and past. She had sought to leave them all behind, but her heartstrings clung still around them all, and thrilled at the lightest touch with sweet sad echoes like the music of an Æolian harp.

So, when Mrs. Gillespie, in her overflowing kindliness and English hospitality, insisted on bringing Mr. Falkener—he nothing loth—home from the door of the little church the next day, to join their Christmas gathering, Armine was not sorry to find one familiar face at the feast, and to feel that she was not altogether shut out from the home festival.

Mrs. Gillespie was charmed and excited with the little romance on which she had fallen; the good old lady was a born match-maker, as good old ladies often are.

"He is as much in love with her as a man can be," she said to her husband. "He can't hide it: it's written out all over him, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot."

"And what about her?" the old gentleman asked archly.

"Ah, well, poor thing, she's looking two ways at once, and the backward look holds her most! But; after all, what is the sweet young thing to do? She has neither chick nor child, and it's a long life before her. Why should she live it alone? She ought to have a husband to take care of her and love her, and to grow old with her," she added, smiling with an infinite grace of affection on the threescore and ten years of the husband of her own youth.

"You are right, dame," he returned, lifting her withered hand to his lips, with the same chivalrous devotion as that with which he had placed the ring upon the smooth, plump finger forty years before.

"I know all about him," Mrs. Gillespie added presently. "I have not forgotten the prudent side of the matter, David; and we stand in the place of father and mother to the poor child. I have been calling on the clergyman's wife. You know that Mr. Falkener told us that Mr. Matson is an old friend of his, and that was why he came to Dresden. Mrs. Matson says that her husband thinks highly of him, that he has come home from India, she believes, for a wife, and that he has a good income and position, and no one to consult but himself. David, we could not have asked more for our own daughter."

"There is but one little obstacle, wife, it seems to me," her husband remarked dryly.

"And what is that, David?"

"The lady's consent."

"That is to be won."

"We shall see," said the old gentleman, who was not led away by any match making instincts of his own.

So it happened that Mr. Falkener's praises were sounding all day long in Armine's ears; his thoughtful devotion was adding more than she knew to the comfort and pleasantness of her life. He was so kind, so considerate. She said to herself a great many times that they had returned to those old relations of friendship which had been so sweet to her, and that she was so glad to have her friend again. She was startled when Margaret Marsden, won by his attention to her children, undertook to plead his cause with her sister-widow.

"You have no children," said she—"you are not like me—to fill the blank in your heart. What will you do with your life, all alone, you, who are so young and so lonely? Ah, do not turn away from a real affection! The dead would not wish it if he could know. He would be the first to bid you be happy."

Poor Dick! It was hard on him. He was still in London, half crazy with anxiety and sorrow because of his fruitless errand. He had nearly harassed the life out of the authorities at Scotland Yard; he had lived in the streets in the wild hope of meeting her; he had advertised in the "Agony Columns" of the *Times*. Unluckily Armine never saw the *Times*, and, by Philip's prudent care, the advertisement had been so worded—not to attract the scandal-loving eyes of others—as to be intelligible only to Armine herself.

Dick could do nothing more now but wait, with what patience he could command, for the information she had promised to send Philip "when she was settled."

Ah, if she could have known! If she could but have guessed! But the current of her life was all setting one way, and how could it fail to draw her with it? She was only a woman, a gentle, tender woman, and those she was with were so good to her, all of them—and he——

He went home to his hotel one night in a delirium of hope and joy. Encouraged by the suffrages of her friends and by her own toleration, he had thrown off the restraint he had imposed on himself, and had urged his suit once more, with a fervor and vehemence almost overpowering, and she had answered him with a burst of tears.

"Tears of promise!" he told himself, as he walked on air through the white silent streets. "When a woman yields, it is in despair at her own weakness. Tears are the first note of surrender. My darling, you will be mine yet!"

She crept upstairs to her room after he was gone, and turned the key against all intrusion. The street lamps shone up through the rows of flower-pots in the windows, draped only with their muslin curtains, and she put out her lamp and stood there, looking out on the snow and the powdered trees, and the lights, and the few stray men and women here and there hurrying shiveringly along, with muffled heads and ghostlike shrouded figures. There was a great row of dazzling lamps, all alight, over beyond the snow, and into this light there crept now and again a black railway train, dragging its slow length along as if making up its mind, with true German deliberation, to the journey before it.

Armine noted all these details, perhaps to gain time, hesitating to look into her own heart, perhaps half afraid of what she might find there. Then the lights, the still ghostly trees, the white silent streets, faded from before her unseeing eyes, and in their place she saw the quiet Combe-Priors home, with Philip by his solitary hearth—the hearth at which she had been shielded and sheltered with such careful love—which she had made solitary. She saw the good, patient face, and read all its faithful, tender history by a new revelation, full of reverence and wonder at her exceeding blindness and at his exceeding goodness.

Dear, good Philip! All she had left to give—and she knew then that she had nothing but sisterly affection and grateful tending—was surely his. His happiness should be to her a sacred trust, uniting her to her dear lost Dick, her hero She would write at once to Philip, and tell him of her new friends and her well-being. She took shame to herself for the anxiety she had already caused him, and some day, when he had forgotten all his foolish disturbing fancy, she would go back to him, and devote all the rest of her life to his loving service. Her heart turned to him and to Combe-Priors as its true home, and she laid herself down to rest with the satisfied feeling that the painful perplexing problem of her life was solved at last.

It was solved indeed. She slept later than usual the next morning, and it seemed to her, as she was dressing, that there was an unusual stir and flutter about the family rising. Footsteps came and went about her closed door, as if listening ears were impatient for appearance.

She came forth with a little compunction for her tardiness—for Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie were early risers, and she had always hitherto been careful to be punctual.

Mrs. Marsden's agitated face looked out on her from a doorway as she passed, and was quickly withdrawn; little Lelia fled before her with the flutter of a great event in her childish awe and eagerness.

Mrs. Gillespie met her at the door of the breakfast-room, with her dear old face softened and quivering with emotion, and drew her by both hands to a seat.

"My dear, my dear," she cried, her voice breaking and her eyes filling with soft tears, "Heaven has sent you a great joy—can you bear it?"

"Heaven helped her to bear the grief, dame; Heaven will help her to bear the joy," Mr. Gillespie said solemnly, as he came forward from his place before a pile of newspapers.

Armine's white face was turned from one to the other with mute frightened questioning. Could the fragile frame bear the shock of their news? they thought.

"The chances of war are strange and various indeed," the old gentleman began in a strained voice; "sometimes they bring us death when we counted on life and sometimes—sometimes" ("Oh, my dear!" whispered Mrs. Gillespie, stroking Armine's hands softly)—"sometimes they bring us life when we mourned for death."

Still she did not understand—her eyes searching theirs wildly, inquiringly.

Margaret Marsden stole in and took her head upon her breast.

"Joy is hard to understand," she said to her mother; "it is only grief which our hearts accept at the first word. We must speak plainly. "Dear Armine, dear friend, he is not dead; he is alive, he has come back to you! It is only I who am—Heaven help me!—a widow."

She broke down sobbing, and the two old people wept too in company.

But Armine made no sign; she lay like one turned to stone. They thought they had killed her.

Little Lelia threw herself at her feet, shrieking and wailing in terror at the cold white face, the marble impassibility. The

child's voice roused her; she put out her hands and drew the little girl to her, and shed the blessing saving tears for which they were praying.

"Tell me all now," she said presently.

Mr. Gillespie put into her hands the newspaper paragraph which told the wonderful news. It was headed "The Fortune of War," and ran thus:

"Amongst the many strange and romantic episodes of the late war, the following is not the least interesting and we vouch for its authenticity. A young lieutenant in the navy, Mr. Richard Westwood, was taken prisoner by the Russians at the close of an engagement in which the blue jackets assisted; he having in his reckless gallantry ventured ahead of his party. Previously to his capture he had wrapped his coat about a fallen comrade—a volunteer by whose side he had fought through the day. The wounded man was picked up by an ambulance and carried on board a vessel bound for England. He was badly wounded and died on board without having spoken. Letters were found in the pockets of Mr. Westwood's coat which apparently established his identity, and the family of the young lieutenant mourned him as dead, until the other day, when, having obtained his release, he appeared suddenly amongst them, 'alive and well.' Mr. Westwood had been married only a few months at the time of his capture."

The group gathered about Armine had been so engrossed that they had not heard the door open.

Mr. Gillespie was the first to become conscious of Harry Falkener's presence. The first glance showed that he too had heard the great news—had come in fact to bring it, and found himself forestalled. His face was pale; he looked like a man who had been drawn back from the edge of a precipice, and was yet all blinded and dizzy from the sight of the great danger he had escaped.

"I leave for England in an hour," he said, as he grasped Mr. Gillespie's hand. "Is there—can I do anything for Mrs. Westwood?"

"Let me go to him; oh, take me to Dick, now, at once!" Armine was imploring Mrs. Gillespie.

"Yes, my dear, you shall go. We will send a telegram at once, and travel on to meet him. You shall write the message now, and then you must eat and get strength for the journey. See, our breakfast has been waiting all the time," smiled the old lady.

So it was in Brussels that the husband and wife met; and there they spent what Dick called their "real honeymoon," which meant a radiant, beautiful time shining out of the darkness of past sorrow like a bright crystal gem from a black cavern, a time of such intense, perfect happiness that Armine was afraid lest she might wake up and find it only a fair fleeting dream.

"But you have never told me why you ran away from Combe Priors just at the wrong moment," Dick said one day waking up at last to something like curiosity. "Old Hephzibah gave me a hint," he added, looking archly into the sweet face where the old rich color had mantled again, deepening into crimson at his question. "It was well I came back when I did," Dick laughed. "Still you might have held your own, it seems to me, without an ignominious flight. 'He who fights and runs away will live to fight another day.' And there was old Philip."

"Yes, there was Philip," Armine echoed quietly, her eyes dropping before her husband's merry glance.

And Dick was too happy to be either suspicious or observant.

CHAPTER XV.

SUMMER had come again at Combe Priors, a very carnival of song and blossom, of golden sunshine and golden sands, of sapphire skies and blue dancing water. The sunshine was on Lina Heriot's golden hair and in her blue eyes, as she sat on a purple throne of rock all tasselled with yellow seaweed, with her pretty feet drawn up out of reach of the advancing tide, which flung its white spray joyously before it, as if to herald its own advance. It was a tide at play now in the summer sun and summer weather, and Harry Falkener was lying, literally and metaphorically, at Lina's feet, laughing at the sparkling shower, as it threatened the pair with laughing mischief.

Harry Falkener's leave was nearly out; he was going back to India in a short six weeks, and as yet he had no wife to take back with him.

Mrs. Heriot was strolling along, under the shadow of the cliff, out beyond the reach of the tide; her graceful figure was the only living feature, save themselves, in the sunny landscape. What was it that came suddenly over the noonday sun? They both sat silent and even solemn, as if the laughter and the sunshine had only masked the deeper thoughts which would have their way now. The deep, silent shadows lay solemnly at the foot of the cliff, and the boom of the full tide came with earnest, inevitable repetition through the heart-silence.

"Lina," said Harry presently, "have you no answer to give me to the question I asked you yesterday?"

"Possibly," Lina returned, with a very unsuccessful attempt at coquettish evasion; "but at this moment I do not happen, unfortunately, to remember what the question was."

"Shall I repeat it?"

She turned away her head and put up her sunshade—not so much to shield her from the sun as from Harry's eyes, which burned so that her white ear, the only part of her face which was turned to him, was as pink as the lining of a nautilus shell.

"Am I to go back to Neighuddur alone," asked Harry piteously, "or, Lina, will you be pitiful, and go back with me?"

She did not speak, she was trembling so much that she dared not trust herself to fling back the little defiant reply which had risen to her lips.

"Not one word, Lina dearest? Then I shall take my answer so."

The sunshade dropped from her white ungloved hands as she surrendered them without the least show of resistance or a last struggle for her liberty, to his masterful grasp.

"This is a dream fulfilled! This is what I came home for, what I have waited and hoped for, my one vision of happiness, lucky fellow that I am to have realized it, 'my thought by day, my dream by night,' for the last five years." Harry Falkener declared, as he walked home by Lina's side.

And he believed it! There is a happy Lethe in the domain of lovers which it would be a thousand pities to ruffle by a single breeze of adverse inconvenient reminiscence.

* * * * *

It is five years later. Dr. Westwood's old house at Combe Priors is echoing to the tread of children's feet and the ring of children's voices, and Dr. Westwood is as happy as a king, with a pair of brown haired twins, the prettiest creatures in the world, pulling at his coat and lisping sweet music in his enchanted ears, as he climbs up the steps to the sloping garden, all ablaze with flowers and sunshine, where Armine sits with her twelvemonth old boy on her knee, and her dear old friends, Mr. and Mrs Gillespie, by her side under an overarching bower of leaves, looking smilingly on at the game of croquet which Margaret Marsden is playing with her own merry party.

Mrs Heriot is there too, gracious and debonnair as of old, with the latest news from Harry and Lina in her pocket, for Armine to read by-and-by. And, as Hephzibah's jolly face, hot from the savory secrets of the oven and the kitchen, appears above the cool green terrace which dominates the steps, there is a general shout from the young ones, and a rush which threatens to trip up her substantial feet as soon as she gains the level ground.

"Bless the children! Get off, every one of you, and let me set down the tray!" cries the good woman, her smiling eyes contradicting the sharpness of her tongue.

The little ones are busy about her and her piled up tray of sweets, like bees about a honey jar, whilst she sets the table for the out-door tea, and distributes surreptitious sweet biscuits and tempting foretastes of the feast amongst the hungry little crew. Hephzibah's table, when furnished, is a sight to see, and she lingers about it under the pretence of helping Tom, now demure in the dignity of livery coat and brass buttons, but in reality to enjoy the appreciation bestowed on her housewifery, and the sense that she is truly one in the unbounded content and joy of the happy gathering.

For this is no ordinary festival. "Papa is coming home to night," as the twins repeat, with joyful iteration, from time to time. "Papa's coming," to make one in this happy home of theirs, and not to go away again for a time which seems infinity to the four-year old calculators. For Dick has been appointed to the command of the Coastguard station at Combe Priors; and the young wife's face is bright with the thought that the next parting with her sailor husband is put so far off into the future.

Dr. Westwood sits in the midst of the happy group, serene as a patriarch. On his smooth brow and kindly, smiling lips there is no shadow from the secret which once hung, like a deadly upas tree, over his good and innocent soul.

(THE END.)

THE BEEF EATERS.—The Yeomen of the Guard, better known as the Beef eaters, wear the ancient dress assigned to the corps by Henry VIII.—a scarlet coat of a peculiar make reaching down to the knees, guarded with black velvet, and badges on the coat before and behind. Their breeches are also scarlet, guarded with black velvet, and instead of hats they wear black velvet caps, round and broad crowned, with ribbons of the Queen's color. The corps was instituted by Henry VII. in 1485; nearly two hundred years before any other regiment that is now in existence was raised; it was, in fact, the only standing force in the kingdom, with the exception of the Honorable Corps of Gentlemen at Arms. The men are selected for gallantry or good conduct from the non-commissioned officers of the army.

Her Choice.

BY A. O. G.

"FATHER," said Annie Reed, "Mr Cummings is waiting to see you in the parlor.

"Mr. Cummings! What on earth does old Cummings want to see me for?" said Mr. Reed, folding up his newspaper. "Happily I owe no man money. I suppose if I did I should tremble at old Cummings's name. He is fond of buying up bad debts, and he is the cruelest of usurers. He harassed poor Major into the grave."

"Perhaps Mr. Cummings's prudence has been the foundation of his large fortune," said Miss Annie, scornfully. "I never knew a generous man who left his family in comfortable circumstances."

"Left his family!" repeated Mrs. Reed. "Oh Annie, and you really seem to mean to twit your father with his generosity. If poor David should die I'm sure I should be too broken-hearted to care if I went to the poor-house."

"I hate sentiment, mamma," said Miss Annie. "I'm practical."

"If your father were like Mr. Cummings," continued Mrs. Reed, "I doubt if you would be half so liberally treated as you are now. I hear that he allows his widowed sister to suffer privations, when he would not miss what would make her comfortable."

"But there are such things as settlements," said the daughter, "and a wife would be a fool to forget them, whatever a sister is obliged to endure."

"But Mr. Cummings has no wife," said Mrs. Reed.

"He wants one though," replied Miss Annie; "he wants me. He has asked to see papa that he may go through the form of asking him."

"Annie!" cried Mrs. Reed. "That old miser! Does he think your father can force you to accept him."

"Oh, no, mamma," responded Annie. "It is merely a sort of old fashioned compliment to papa. I have accepted him."

"You only want to frighten me, Annie," said Mrs. Reed.

"Frighten you!" cried Annie. "I promise you a son in law worth a million."

"And seventy years old," said Mr. Reed.

"Who will give me a palace to live in, diamonds, a carriage, a position amongst the best people," said Annie.

"A man of mean disposition, cruel, hard-hearted, and uncultivated," responded the mother.

"Oh, as for uncultivated, I'm tired of musty old books, and hideous mineralogical cabinets, and rubbish altogether. I like a house that is not a museum, and handsome things about me. I shall go to balls, the opera—everywhere. And if I have books, they shall be well bound ones put away by themselves in a library. Cultivation is a thing which always seems to be possessed by persons in moderate circumstances."

"But you do not really mean it," sobbed the mother, "you—who are only eighteen, and who—or—I thought so—I—Oh, I really feel sure you are teasing me."

"I'm in earnest," said Annie, coolly. "I've accepted Mr. Cummings; and what did you think, mamma?"

"That you loved Henry Johnson," said Mrs. Reed.

"Well, mamma," said Annie, "I did like Henry, but if I had accepted him, what lay before me? Poverty—at the least moderate circumstances. No! I have seen what must come of imprudence in worldly affairs, and after all, every one tells me that romance can't last—that no man is in love with his wife after the first year, and that decided me. What is the use of throwing away the substance for the shadow?"

"Your papa loves me better than he did when we were married," said Mrs. Reed, "and I have more romance in my heart now, when I think of all his goodness, than I had when he courted me. Some people never love, Annie. A passing passion is all they ever feel; but we loved—my husband and I—and we love still."

"And grandpa wanted you to marry a rich man, and papa's mother had an heiress selected for him," said Annie, "and you ran away. Do you know, with all due respect, I feel obliged to say I think you were very foolish, especially when I see the estate you lost, or hear of the money papa refused. I couldn't do it. Besides, a husband four times one's own age is apt to die before one is old, and a rich widow may do what she likes."

"Horrible!" ejaculated Mrs. Reed; but Annie laughed and ran out of the room.

Meanwhile Mr. Reed held audience with old Mr. Cummings.

"Well, sir," he had said, after shaking hands, "well, sir, to what do I owe this visit? I fancy, from what my daughter said, that it is not simply a social call."

"No, sir, no!" replied old Mr. Cummings, in rather a patronizing manner. "Not merely a social call. I can't call it business—yet, between us, it is business after all. I have met your daughter, Miss Annie, very often at my friend, Mr. Gilbert's, and I find she has made a deep impression upon me. She is a very beautiful young lady—very beautiful indeed—and my business is to make an offer of my hand—to ask you to give her to me. Her sentiments, I rejoice to say, are favorable. I'm pretty well known. I can give her every luxury, and—ahem!—settlements shall be liberal."

"Sir, there is no doubt that you intend a compliment," said Mr. Reed, stiffly. "A man always intends that by an offer of marriage. Therefore I thank you for it, even while I decline it."

"Decline it!" cried Mr. Cummings.

"Emphatically!" replied Mr. Reed.

"I certainly did not expect such a reception," cried the suitor. "What have you against me?"

"You are rather too sharp a business man to suit me," said Mr. Reed, "but if you must have the truth, Annie is eighteen, and you four times her age. You might be her grandfather—my father. We all grow old, but there is such a thing as suitability of years to be considered."

"Pooh, pooh, the thing is done every day," said Mr. Cummings. "But what do you mean—too sharp! Have I any of your paper or——"

"I have a salary which I generally spend. Never have any 'paper.' Never had. No mortgage to be foreclosed. I own no property. You never hurt me personally, and it's none of my business, I suppose, that you should have made a fortune by the ruin of others, but I wouldn't want you to marry my daughter if you were the man you are and her own age; and being your age, it would be impossible if you were all I admire," said Mr Reed.

"You insult me, sir," said the millionaire, rising.

"And I have your daughter's promise," continued the suitor. "After all, it was simply as a matter of form that I consulted you."

"Annie never meant it," said Mr. Reed, "never. Besides, she's fond of Henry Johnson who adores her."

"Who is he?" asked the millionaire.

"An excellent young man, whose salary is fifteen dollars a week," replied the father. "Quite enough for an economical couple."

"I believe you are insane, sir," said Mr. Cummings, quite sincerely, "and I bear no malice to one who is out of his senses. Good afternoon. I shall marry Annie, with or without your consent."

When the house was clear of its guest, Mr. Reed sought his daughter.

"Annie, the old idiot fancies you accepted him," he said.

"So I did," said Annie. "Papa, this is my very best dress, and it has been made over. This is what comes of moderate means. I shall be a millionairess, if there is such a word. Of course you said 'yes,' or that you'd consider it."

"I refused him," said Mr. Reed.

"I shall write to him, and tell him that don't matter," responded Annie.

"My daughter shall not marry an old wretch for his money, if I am obliged to lock her up in the garret," said Mr. Reed.

"We'll save you from that awful fate, even against your will," said the mother. "Think of poor Henry, who loves you so."

The evening was passed in tears and wrath.

Annie retired early without her usual adieux.

Her parents sat late beside the fire and retired sadly to their pillows.

Meanwhile the one servant of the household had stolen softly upstairs with a little pink-tinted note hidden under her apron.

Cummings had bribed the girl to take it secretly to Miss Annie.

After the parents had retired, and the house was still, some one in a cloak and dark hat and veil softly opened the front door and stole out.

It was Miss Ida.

A carriage waited at the corner; from it hobbled the enraptured Mr. Cummings.

Money will do anything. It brought into one of the private parlors of the hotel the landlord and his wife in evening dress and a most complacent clergyman the next morning, who never asked why the celebrated millionaire, who was certainly of age, chose to be married in private.

In those early hours when the parents of Annie were wont to arise they found their daughter's room empty, and a slip of paper pinned to her pillow, on which was written:

"I cannot sacrifice my prospects in life to your romantic notions. Before you read this I shall be married to Mr. Cummings.

"ANNIE."

The parents wept in each other's arms.

They forgave their daughter; but the bridegroom would never forgive them, and they never see her now.

Old Mr. Cummings seems likely to live for many years.

His wife has every luxury that wealth can give, but her husband is jealous and seldom permits her to leave home.

He has made his will, so that when he dies she will have a mere pittance. Therefore she does not feel quite so anxious for his departure for another world as she otherwise would.

She would, however, be very glad to relieve the tedium of her life by a flirtation with Henry Johnson, but he long ago married some one else, and wonders that he ever admired her.

Cairo, Ill., jail is tenantless.

A LOST LOVE.

BY T. F. L.

"Lost at sea with the ship and crew,
Captain Floyd, on the first of May."
The paper fell from her snowy hand,
A shadow darkened the summer day.
Just for a moment her proud, cold heart
Stirred with a sad, remorseful sigh.
"Poor boy!" she said, "he loved me well
In days gone by."

Did she remember the words they said
Under the stars one summer night?
He had trusted with all his heart
Promises she had held so light;
Trusted her with his every hope;
She had bartered them all for gold.
What to her was this broken life?
A tale that's told.

She has homage, and wealth, and rank,
Leads a world of fashion and show,
Ever within her splendid home
Merry revellers come and go.
Ever the world doth praise her lot,
Calm and bright as a summer sky,
Is she happy? She knows her life
A gilded lie.

Better if she could be again
As she was in her simple youth,
Ere she bartered for rank and gold
Honest love and her promised truth.
Utterly heartless, cold and false,
It were better that she should be
Dead with her wronged and slighted love
Under the sea.

The Fairy Guest.

BY H. B

JOHN and Peggy Donnel lived half way up Doolish Mountain, in a region of frequent mist and storm. Far down below them lay Gartan Lough, embosomed in rugged, furze-covered hills, and above and around stretched mile upon mile of mountain—acres of heather, the abode of grouse innumerable; patches of grass where droves of sheep and cattle grazed; and inaccessible heights, known only to the golden eagle and her wild brood.

Donnel was a drover, *i. e.*, he bought up cattle, let them graze upon the mountains, and sold them when fattened. He was very comfortably off and his cottage was well built and thatched. He found no difficulty in paying his rent to the day, and had always abundance of such simple food and clothing as satisfied his desires. It was a November night of storm and rain. The gusts thundered at the door, tossing the bare arms of a few stunted sycamores that grew near the house; they had swept along mountain defiles and across the gray waters of the lough, and now shrieked and howled madly round the gable. An occasional lull in the storm brought the clamor of the seagull and the cry of plover to Donnel's ear. He locked the door, stuffed a wisp of straw under it to keep out the cold wind, and sat down opposite Peggy in the ample chimney corner.

"God send the cattle has found shelter the night!" said he, shaking the ashes out of his pipe.

Peggy was spinning. She stopped her wheel suddenly to ask, "Did you no hear something, John dear?"

"Ay, Peggy, I heard the sough o' the wind."

"Whist, whist, honey! There it was again; it wasna like the wind."

"Sure it was the sea-gull an' plover," replied her husband carelessly.

Just then another blast of hurricane swept across the lake and thundered at the door, tossing the carefully arranged wisp of straw into the middle of the kitchen.

"It was a pitiful cry but it wasna the birds, let alone the wind," said Peggy, listening intently.

"Who wad come to we'er door the night?" asked John, impatiently. "You're ave talking foolitchness since that villian, that thief o' the world, Tim O'Brien, went awa'."

Two days previously the servant had taken his departure without giving warning, or letting his master and mistress have the slightest inkling of his intention. They had both been overworked since then, and the consequence was that one was cross and the other tired and nervous.

Again the whistling raging blast. Mrs. Donnel shivered, and muttered a prayer for all the sailors and wanderers as she threw more turf upon the blazing hearth. There was a strange cry at that very moment. She went to the door and unlocked it, and while the wind burst in resistlessly, it brought something like a human figure in along with it.

"Woman! woman!" screamed the outraged husband jumping up with an oath to reshut and lock the door.

As the cloud of turf ashes began to settle again, the figure, the gift of the storm, was more distinctly seen. A miserable, stunted boy, thinly clad, without cap or shoes and stockings; crouched over the fire, holding his perished hands to the warmth. He had red hair, large blue eyes, and a gentle, intelligent face. Peggy Donnel felt her heart draw toward him at once.

"Poor wean; but you're kilt wi' the wet an' cold. Did you come far the day?" she asked.

The poor boy lifted his large soft eyes to her without speaking.

"Be seated an' warm yourse'; the gude man makes you welcome."

The boy sat down on the stool she placed for him before the fire, and smiled at her in silence.

"Who had the heart to let the likes o' you travel the night? What do they call you, my poor wee man?"

No answer.

"I declare he's a dummy, John," cried she; "the poor wean!"

The storm raged on, but the wanderer was safe and happy. He stretched out his bare feet on the warm flag stone, and the steam rose from his rags, which had been soaked through with the rain. Meanwhile Peggy set back her wheel, lifted the pot from the crook, and filled a wooden bowl with mealy potatoes. The boy eyed them hungrily, and when she spread a handful of salt on a stool and put a tin of milk into his hand, he required no further invitation.

John Donnel's ill temper vanished as he watched the child eat his supper, and heard his sighs of contentment.

"Where shall he sleep? Tim O'Brien's bed's no a made yet."

"I'll shake straw in the corner near the fire," replied Peggy, "an' throw a wheen sacks over him. He'll sleep rightly, I'll warrant him."

"Ay; it'll be better nor 'be back o' a dike, I'm thinking," returned John.

The poor creature was now quite dry and warm; he lay down on the straw that the kind woman had prepared for him, but he first caught hold of her hand and pressed his lips upon it.

"Look, John, look!" cried she, with tears in her eyes; "did you ever see the like o' that?"

It was twenty years since a child had slept under that roof full twenty years since a small black coffin had been carried down the mountain, containing Peggy Donnel's son, and more than half her heart. She dreamed of her dead son that night. She fancied that he came to her bedside, and begged her to be good to the friendless child for his sake.

The storm lulled before dawn, and by the time the Donnels got up to their work the stranger was up also. When Peggy took her milk pail, prepared to go out to the byre, he sprang forward and took it from her hand. Smilingly she consented to let him help her milk Molley and Buttercup, and strain up the milk; then, while she made breakfast, he signed to John that it was his wish to assist him also. Very useful he was in finding the cattle, and driving them to fresh grazing ground; and he did a hundred helpful things during the day.

"He's a sight better than Tim O'Brien. Let us keep him, an' he'll be as good a boy as we could get," said John Donnel that evening.

"What name shall we call him?" asked Peggy, quite pleased at her husband's proposal.

"Neil wad be a good enough name," thought John.

So the dumb boy was called "Neil," was given a suit of gray frieze, and shoes and socks, and became the servant instead of the truant, Tim O'Brien.

A season of extraordinary prosperity began for the Donnels from the day Neil came to them. No accident happened to the cattle that winter or spring; the hens laid diligently, so that Peggy made quantities of money selling eggs; the churn was always so full of butter that the staff would hardly move in it, and butter was bringing eighteen pence per pound in Letterkenny market. If Donnel sold he gained more than his neighbors; if he bought, everything was cheap for him.

"We did weel to shelter the boy," he was wont to remark, when any striking instance of Neil's industry or cleverness came under his observation; but sometimes to his wife's anger and disgust he would animadvert upon the large appetite of his little servant.

Niel gained the good will of the few neighbors who lived on the mountain; but what was more remarkable he seemed to have a strong attraction for all birds and animals.

The very night after his arrival he made a handsome bow, and each evening while Peggy sat at her spinning wheel he made arrows, tossing them, as he finished them, up to the loft. There was a large sheaf of arrows lying beside the bow, but he never shot a single one.

"Why, but you tak' your bow an' arrows outbye an' play yourse'l a wee, Neil dear!" asked Mrs. Donnel, when the bright spring evenings came; but no answer of any description was forthcoming. It was a real vexation to her that she had no means of discovering why he had made the bow and went on making so many arrows.

When May eve arrived and flames leaped up from fires on every hill, and dark figures moved round the blaze—on that most enchanting night of all the year, Mrs. Donnel's dumb servant was greatly agitated. More than once he went to the door to gaze at the scene without, and returning, as if with a strong effort, to his mistress' side, kissed her hand—his favorite mode of showing his affection.

"He's crying, the crathur," said Peggy on one of these occasions. "Maybe it's because you scolded him this morning, John, for just nothing, ava."

John, whose temper was very hasty, had spoken sharply to the boy in Peggy's hearing.

Things went on thus throughout the summer and autumn; but when Hallowe'en approached, Neil grew restless again. He went out in the moonlight on that mysterious night, but returned in time to smile his good night to Peggy before lying down on his humble bed, and he was not able to tell her whether he caught a glimpse of the fairy troop or not.

One November morning, a year after Neil's arrival, John Donnel came into the kitchen full of grief and dismay.

"The cattle are all away!" he cried; "all driven off the mountain in the night. Thieves! robbers! Oh, Neil avick! Oh Peggy mavourneen, what 'ill I do, anyway?"

"Gone? Stolen?" exclaimed Peggy, and she was unable to utter a word more.

"Ay, gone—stolen!" repeated the bereaved owner, crying bitterly.

"Whist," said Neil, coming forward quietly, and speaking in an authoritative tone—"whist, this minute, an' saddle the mare, an' let us awa' after the thieves!"

The surprise of hearing Neil calmed John at once. He let him bring out the mare, and helped him put on the saddle. Then he mounted, and it seemed quite natural that the boy should spring up behind, first taking his bow and arrows from the loft.

"This way," commanded Neil, when they reached the high road; "I see the track of the beasts."

Donnel could not see any tracks, but he suffered Neil to guide him at each crossroad. The day was far advanced before they caught sight of the drove about a quarter of a mile ahead of them, accompanied by two collies and four men.

"How 'ill we fight a' thae thieves an' rascals o' the world?" cried John, again reduced to the depths of despair.

"Leave it to me," replied Neil, bending to one side and shooting an arrow in the direction of the drove.

There was a strong commotion ahead when the fairy arrow reached its goal, for the animal hit at once turned around and galloped back to its owner. Another and another arrow followed that one, till at length the whole drove turned about, and presently surrounded John and Neil.

There stood the four robbers gazing after them, as if spell bound.

"Now" said Neil, "we may ride home again; the cattle will go before us."

On and on they rode, driving the recovered heifers. No word of gratitude had Donnel spoke, and as the glow of pleasure caused by the restoration of his property died out a little, his usual fretful temper returned; but Neil did not appear to notice his morose silence.

"Will you be pleased to stop at this house by the road, John, till I get a drink?" asked the boy, who was tired and thirsty.

"We haveña the time to stop, an' night comin' on; sure you can wait till we get home," replied the churlish master.

Neil said nothing until they reached another house, a mile further on, when he again made his request, and was again refused. But Donnel himself began to be thirsty and weary, and at the next roadside tavern he drew up.

"Good woman," called he, "be pleased to give me a drink!"

The woman hurried out with a bowl of water, from which Donnel drank; and then he said to Neil, "Here, boy, you may drink now."

"No, John Donnel," returned the boy, "you are a selfish, ungrateful man, and I'll neither eat nor drink mair frae your hand. I brought your cattle back, but you wouldna stop a minute to let me drink; an' you tak' the drink yourse'l before you'd hand the bowl to me. If it wasna for Peggy, I'd just send the beasts back to the thieves; but I'll leave your house; an' that 'll be punishment enough for you." So saying, Neil jumped down from the horse, and climbing a ditch disappeared.

"Oh, Neil avick! Sure I didna mean to affront you. Oh, come back! How will I get the beasts home anyway?"

No answer—no trace of Neil, search where he might. With the utmost difficulty, and after hiring a couple of men to help him, Donnel did succeed in driving his cattle home, and it was late at night when he entered his own kitchen and sank down by the fireside.

"Where's Neil?" was the first thing Peggy said.

Her sorrow and dismay overwhelmed her as she listened to her husband's story.

"Oh, John, you unfortunate foolish man, don't you know what you've done? You've banished luck frae we'er roof. Sure I knowed what he was the minute I heard him speak this morain'."

The poor woman threw her apron over her head and went as she had not went since her son's coffin left the house one-and-twenty years before. And good reason had she for her tears. From that moment nothing prospered with John. His health failed, his cattle met with accidents, ill-luck attended him in everything he undertook. He had indeed abundant cause to mourn for the loss of his fairy guest.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—Mr. Isaac Staples, of Stillwater, Minn., is a lumber dealer who has an extensive correspondence. His bookkeeper has made a memorandum every time the given name of Mr. Staples has been misspelled in a letter addressed to him, and the following misnomers have been yielded: Isiac, Iisac, Icsack, Iscac, Ysic, Isaag, Icac, Izic, Isiacs, Isach, Isic, Isisac, Isasce, Icks, Iasaic, Aisac Icaas, Isasr, Iassac, Isasch, Icsis, Isaas, Isics, Iaac, Iassac, Izk, Issich, I Sic, Isasce, Iisace, Isick, Isaace, Isisck, Isac Issick, Isaak, Isasck, Icsack, Icasc, I Sick, Isich, Jsaac, Isaso, Isace, Isoac, Isics, Isaic.

A GRAIN OF WHEAT.—The fruitfulness of a grain of wheat has been computed by a mathematician who seems to have had plenty of time. He says if we reckon that a single grain of wheat produces fifty grains, and each of the fifty grains will produce fifty more, and so on, we find in the second year 2 500 grains; third year, 125 000; sixth year, 15 625 000; twelfth year, 244 140 625 000 000. The third year's crop would give 300 men one meal, leaving enough bran to feed eight pigs for one day. The product of the single grain in the twelfth year would suffice to supply all the inhabitants of the earth with food during their lifetime.

FAMINES IN PALESTINE.—Within the historic period 350 famines have been recorded, commencing with those mentioned in the Bible as having occurred in Palestine in the time of Abraham. These dreadful calamities are attributable to the following causes, which are stated in the order of their importance, and which it will be readily seen are two distinct groups, natural and artificial: 1, rain; 2, frost; 3 drought; 4, other meteorological phenomena; 5, insects and vermin; 6, war; 7, defective agriculture; 8, defective transportation; 9, legislative interference; 10, currency restrictions; 11, speculation; 12, misapplication of grain.

QUEER WEATHER.—At the Cape of Good Hope, near Table Mountain, the clouds come down very low, and then without dropping in rain. At such a time, if a traveler should go under a tree for shelter from the threatening rain, he would find himself in a drenching shower; while out in the open space, away from any tree or shrub, everything would be as dry as a bone. Here is the explanation: The cloud or mist is rather warmer than the leaves, and so, when it touches them it changes into clinging drops, which look like dew. Fresh drops keep forming, they run together, and at length the water drops off the leaves like rain. And this process goes on until the clouds lift and the sun comes out again.

CHINA.—At the departure of the children of Israel from Egypt, China was 700 years old; and when Isaiah prophesied of her she had existed fifteen centuries. She has seen the rise and decline of all the great nations of antiquity. Assyria, Babylon, Persia, Greece and Rome have long since followed each other to the dust; but China still remains a solitary and wonderful monument of patriarchal times. Then look at the population of the country, roughly estimated at 400 000 000—ten times the population of the United States, more than thirteen times the population of Great Britain and Ireland. Every third person that lives and breathes upon this earth and beneath these heavens is a Chinese; every third grave that is dug is for a Chinese.

SENSE IN BIRDS.—A curious illustration of the practical good sense and ingenuity of some British birds is reported by a railroad engineer on one of the Scotch lines. He has noticed that certain hawks of the merlin or "stone falcon" species make use of the passing of the trains for predatory purposes. They fly close behind the trains, near the ground, partly hidden by the smoke, but carefully watching for the small birds which, frightened by the train as it rushes roaring past, fly up in bewildered shoals. The merlin then, while the little birds are thinking more of the train than of lurking foes, swoop on them from the ambush of the smoke and strike them down with ease. If they miss they return to the wake of the train and resume their flight and their hunt.

THE KOLOTSCHEY.—This curious dance, performed in the streets of Wallachian towns by bands who join for the purpose, was almost unknown until the last war brought the manners and customs of the nationalities which inhabit the valley of the Lower Danube under the notice of western observers. Like the English hornpipe, the kolotschey is one of the hopping or capering dances which are in special favor in countries where the women lack the necessary grace and agility to refine the art. To the tune of a shrieking violin, accompanied by the standard bearer's plaintive song, the leader, with the aid of a long pole, jumps about in antics, which, however, are not without a certain uncouth grace, and his companions follow. The higher the jumps and capers the more the spectators are pleased. A special costume with a row of jingling bells fastened below the knees, is worn as professional outfit by kolotschey dancers, and the collector of money wears a Venetian mask and sleeveless jacket, for what reason I have never been able to ascertain.

SWEET IS FOLLY.

A Latin Student's Song of the Twelfth Century.

BY J. A. M.

Cast aside dull books and thought!
  Sweet is folly, sweet is play;
Take the pleasure spring hath brought
  In youth's opening holiday!
Right it is that age should ponder
  On grave matters fraught with care;
Tender youth is free to wander,
  Free to frolic light as air.

Lo, the spring of life slips by,
  Frozen winter comes apace;
Strength is minished silently,
  Care writes wrinkles on our face;
Blood dries up and courage fails us,
  Pleasure dwindles, joys decrease,
Till old age at last assails us
  With his troop of illnesses.

Live we like the gods above!
  This is wisdom, this is truth;
Chase the joys of gentle love
  In the leisure of our youth!
Keep the vows we swore together,
  Lads, obey that ordinance;
Seek the fields in sunny weather,
  Where the laughing maidens dance.

There the lad who lists may see
  Which among the girls is kind;
There young limbs deliciously
  Flashing through the dances wind;
While the girls their arms are raising,
  Moving, winding, o'er the lea,
Still I stand and gaze, and gazing
  They have stolen the soul of me!

VERA;

—OR,—

A Guiltless Crime.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CECIL CARLISLE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

NEVER within living memory had such excitement reigned in society as that which was evoked by the case of Vivian Chandos Devereux. The report of the inquest was devoured with eager interest, and a philosophical mind would hardly have failed to notice that, while many inclined to the belief that the accused man was guilty, men of his own position leaned decidedly to the view that, notwithstanding, his noble and dignified declaration of innocence was worthy of credit.

All attempts, however, of friend, comrade or relative to see the prisoner proved futile. He resolutely refused all visitors, and saw no one but his counsel. Even his pretty cousin, Florrie Morton, who made herself ill with grief, was denied; and Lady Constance expended pages of italics in vain. He had enough to endure, he said inwardly, without holding a *levee* in prison.

His lawyer reached Bodmin on the morning after the inquest, and was at once admitted to Vivian's presence.

"I wish, first of all," Devereux said quietly, "to make such division of my property as I should make if I certainly knew that I should be absent for a long term of years. I shall then be prepared for any likely issue of the trial."

His instructions were few and simple, and it seemed to the lawyer, somewhat singular, Vera Calderon and his cousin, St. Leon, were sole trustees.

He evidently placed the fullest confidence in the business capacity and other qualifications of his strangely-selected trustees, as he left them unlimited powers. His favorite dog Alba and his horse Selim were also given in charge to Vera. Mr. Seymour, the counsellor, aghast at the management of an enormous property being left to a young girl and a foreigner, ventured to remonstrate; but Vivian was firm.

"You talk," said Mr. Seymour, "as if your acquittal were impossible."

"I have no hope of it," was the calm answer. "And now let all necessary papers in connection with this business be prepared and duly executed before I see you concerning the trial. There is time enough for that, as the assizes will not be held for another three weeks. And before that time," he said to himself, when once more alone, "the sea shall roll between me and England."

As Mr. Seymour walked away from the prison door, around which stood a gaping crowd, he heard a laugh, and, turning, saw an old woman, about whom there was little to attract attention, in the act of tottering along by the wall, leaning on a stick.

He went on, too much preoccupied to pay any attention to insignificant people or incidents; but the woman looked after him and laughed again, and then looked up at the prison windows.

"You cannot save him," she muttered—"no, no; the prophecy will come true. 'Bloody death shalt thou die.' Down in the dust—it has come at last! The elder murdered by the hand of the younger, without time to cry to Heaven for mercy—a grave for the one, a living tomb for the other. Ay, Vivian Devereux, you have fallen indeed; what are you now? A prisoner in a narrow cell! What will you be a month hence? A convict, breaking stones! Ha, ha! You, who dropped your silver into my hand, and scorned me in your proud disdain—your pride has not saved you from a felon's doom! It is my turn now—mine—House of Devereux!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE clock of the beautiful old church of Rougemont had just struck nine as Doctor Coryn pushed aside his sermon-notes, to which he could not give his mind this evening, and leaned his head upon his hand in deep and painful thought, in which Vivian Devereux was the central figure. Almost at the same moment a carriage stopped outside, the gate was opened, and, after a short interval, a servant entered the study, and handed a card to the Rector. He glanced at it and said—

"Admit Miss Calderon at once, please."

The servant retired, and Doctor Coryn rose as the door opened once more to admit his unexpected visitor.

There was no rest, no real repose, in her face; its outward almost stony calm, as she came forward, resigning her hand to the Rector's close warm clasp, was but a veil.

"My child," said Doctor Coryn, in a trembling voice, "if there is anything in which I can serve you, command me."

"You can serve me," the girl said, with strange, solemn earnestness of manner—"one day, Doctor Coryn, you may know how much. Will you take charge of a packet that I have with me—under certain conditions?"

"What are the conditions, my child?"

"These—firstly, that you will be content to ask me no questions, to be totally ignorant of the contents of the packet."

She paused. Doctor Coryn looked at her steadily. She met the look unflinchingly.

"I can trust you," he said. "I will agree to this."

"Your trust is not misplaced, Doctor Coryn. My second condition hardly need to be mentioned; it is that you breathe not to any living soul the charge given to you. The third is that you will not open the packet unless by my desire or in case of my death. In either case you will find upon breaking the seal, the directions I wish carried out with regard to it. Am I asking too much, Doctor Coryn? You do not know me; if you have any scruple, do not hesitate, out of any feeling of kindness or of sympathy, from expressing it. I have a claim upon you in all that belongs to your office; but what I now ask is no part of that."

"I cannot," said the Rector gently, "refuse a charge so solemnly confided to me, and most of all by you, my child. I would to Heaven that I had power to help you far, far more—to do something to lift the terrible load of suffering that has fallen on your youth. But words of content, perhaps even the assurance of sympathy, must seem a mockery now."

The girl's lips quivered convulsively; tears rushed to her eyes.

"No, no," she said brokenly, "not a mockery—from you, too, who know him so little, and yet believe him guiltless. But I cannot bear sympathy now. I have need of all my strength. I cannot pause yet to weep; and—and—oh, hush—in pity, not one word! I am not worth it. See," she went on hurriedly, drawing forth a small sealed packet—"this is the packet. I know not how to thank you for this service. Heaven reward you!"

She took his hand in her own and kissed it; she could not say more, it seemed; and then she turned quickly to the door as if she could not trust herself.

"Must you go, my child?" said the Doctor, anxiously.

"Ah, yes! I must not stay now."

She had reached the door, and then half turned—even moved a step towards where Doctor Coryn stood. It seemed to him—remembering afterwards those painful moments—as if she would have knelt; but she suddenly pressed her hand over her eyes, and, without another word, opened the door quickly and went out, forbidding him by an almost imploring gesture to follow her to her carriage.

She reached Temple-Rest, and went straight to her dressing room, where Aileen sat.

"He has taken it—the packet," she said, kneeling down by her faithful servant and hiding her face in her lap; and then she burst—not into tears, but into most bitter sobs that shook her fragile frame to its centre. "Oh, Aileen—oh, Aileen," she cried in her anguish, "am I wrong? I am in torture. What shall I do? I would have knelt for his blessing, and I dared not—I dared not ask him to say, 'Heaven keep you!'"

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN the bare comfortless prison-room another scene in this strange drama of two lives that seemed placed above the fierce storms of misfortune was being acted out.

There were two figures in the group an artist might long in vain to depict in all the perfection of its beauty of form and expression—the man sitting on a low seat, the girl kneeling by him, his right arm circling her, as she nestled close to him and leant her head upon his breast, listening while he spoke in quiet subdued tones.

"I have no fears, Vera, for to-night. The man will scarcely prove faithless; he would lose much and gain nothing by it; and truly I think, sweetheart, you have touched some better feeling than the mere love of gold. Once free, and it will be no man born of woman that can recapture Vivian Devereux. I fancy, too, that the hue-and-cry will not at first, at any rate, be very fierce. To the future I cannot look yet, Vera. I have left all things to your care—so soon as the law permits you to undertake the charge—and to my dear cousin Saint Leon. It is a heavy charge, but one you will fulfil for my sake; and, if I am selfish in asking it of you——"

"Hush!" whispered the girl. "Hush! Not that, Vivian."

There was such quick pain in her voice that he was compelled to be silent for a moment; but his soft kiss on her brow pleaded for forgiveness.

"Let it pass then," he said presently, in that patient measured tone which to the keen ear revealed the resolute control of strong feeling. "There is little more to say, my darling; and perhaps, for both our sakes, the time of parting were best shortened;" and yet, while he spoke, he involuntarily tightened his clasp of the slight form from which he must so soon be severed, perhaps forever. "I am acting—I can only act—for the immediate present. I know that flight will bear the impress of guilt. I know that many who have thought me innocent, or at least have wavered in their minds, will decide that I am guilty. I care not for that; my task will be to find the murderer of Marmaduke Devereux. Till that day—which will surely come—I will endure the world's judgment. Your love, your faith, are mine, Vera, for life and for eternity."

Not now—not in this supreme hour of unspeakable anguish—could she breathe the thought that even this love—the only thing left to him—must be torn from him. If she spoke it must be of hope, of comfort; but the parched lips could not frame the words; she could only cling about his neck, tearless and dumb; she could only feel that they must part.

A heavy step sounded without, and with it came the harsh rattle of the prison keys. Vivian started.

"Vera," he whispered hoarsely—"oh, Heaven, speak to me—one word—Vera!"

The agonised appeal gave her strength. She raised her head and looked up into the noble face that she might never see again.

"I know," she said, and surely the words came from no effort of her own will—"that Heaven's justice will discover the truth, that the day of reckoning will come, and then—then——"

She faltered, paused, and as, with a grating sound, the key turned in the lock, a stifled cry burst from her, and she clung to him with a wild despairing clasp.

One last long kiss, one last minute, and they were parted. The prison door closed with a sullen clang, and all was blank to Vivian Devereux.

* * * * *

There was a solemn muffled tread of mourners, and by the flickering light of tapers were seen the snowy robes of priest and choristers, the dark pall drooping from the coffin borne aloft. There was no pealing organ, no stately pomp of music and ritual, no throng of noble relatives—only the low chant of the priest and the soft sad responses of silver-voiced choristers. So in the deep night they laid to rest the murdered lord of Chandos-Devereux.

Had there been no pause between the blow of the assassin's hand and the hand of death? Had the eyes that would look no more on mortal man looked on the face that mocked with the memory of intolerable wrong? Had a merciful touch rested—if but for a second—on his dying brow? Had there been one ray of light flashing into the parting soul, bringing to the ashen lips words spoken with such passionate depths of pathos? "None! Oh, Vivian—Heaven knoweth it—none!"

Those lips are ever silent; this wasted sinful life has wrought out its terrible retribution, and even in its miserable close has stretched forth, all unwittingly now, a dead hand to blight the life of the man who, despite all wrongs, all bitter memories, would, even at the eleventh hour, have given a brother's love.

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What was it people said? What was the report? Vivian Devereux escaped—fled! On the placards of the morning papers, crowding out almost all other news, appeared the announcement—"Escape of Sir Vivian Chandos-Devereux!" In the columns of the newspapers themselves a brief telegram made the following startling announcement:

"At an early hour this morning—between three and four—it was discovered that Sir Vivian Chandos-Devereux had made his escape from Bodmin jail. No particulars could be obtained up to the time of the despatch of the telegram; but it is said that the jailer is missing also, and, if this is confirmed, the mode of escape is easily explained."

"By Heaven," exclaimed Lord Sydney Tollemache, after reading the news in the hospitable hall of the Marquis of Landport, "I can see who is at the bottom of this!"

"She is a brave, noble girl!" cried the Marchioness, leading a soprano chorus. "What magistrate would dare to punish a woman for saving her lover!"

"Oh, she will get off lightly!" said the Marquis. "But it looks terribly like guilt."

"He is certain to be taken," declared another. "Such a marked man has no chance."

"He'll not be taken," put in an old Oxonian. "No, no! I'd stake a thousand pounds on it!"

And he did—not there, but in the smoking room, with "another fellow;" and bets ran high for the next fortnight as to whether Devereux would "get clear" or no.

Further particulars came later; but no trace of the escaped prisoner was discovered. The news concerning the jailer was confirmed; and it was evident that, whether Miss Calderon or Chandos Devereux had bribed him, that functionary had not only yielded to the temptation of gold, but had contrived to place himself beyond the reach of outraged authority. All the foreign police were communicated with, and England was scoured; but nothing came of it. By whatever means Vivian Devereux, despite his striking personal appearance, had managed to elude all search, he certainly did manage it; and within ten days of his flight a rumor floated from mouth to mouth that he was in Spain. And, while that rumor was flitting from Paris to London, Vera Calderon was pressing a letter passionately to her lips, and repeating again and again:

"Safe, safe! Oh, Vivian—my life—safe at last!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE law was powerless; there was nothing to inculpate Vera Calderon. Vivian might have bribed the jailer himself; and perhaps, too, the magistrate at Melton Parva was not sorry to let the matter rest. No one there had any very keen desire to capture Vivian Devereux.

On the same night that Vera received the letter assuring her of her lover's safety, Alphonse presented himself at Temple Rest, and was at once admitted to Vera's presence. Had "monsieur" reached Spain? When told of the substance of the letter, the faithful servant burst into tears. He must go; he could not live without "monsieur;" and indeed the next morning he left Rougemont to join his master.

Did Vera break down now? No; the extraordinary force of her character seemed to render her incapable of yielding to reaction.

"There is no reaction," she said to Aileen. "There will be no rest for me. It will be one long fierce struggle henceforth. It will not kill me while my life is needed. When the task is finished—then, not before, reaction may come, and, if it kills me then, death will be welcome."

So, from the depths of her soul, spoke the beautiful, envied lady of Temple Rest; and she was not yet twenty years old. She wrote the next day to Mr. Seymour, and he was amazed to hear from her so soon; he was still more amazed when he came and saw her, calm, grave, business like. He murmured some courteous words about hesitating to intrude upon her, had she not desired it. She answered him—

"I am grateful for your kindness, Mr. Seymour, but why should I waste precious moments? I have no time to sit down and weep beneath the willow."

The solicitor bowed and looked covertly into the speaker's face. This singular girl utterly puzzled him. She was not unfeeling. No; her features might seem wrought in marble, the dark eyes might be tearless, the lips firm; but the passion and the suffering in her face could not be blotted out, however pride and will might veil them.

Before entering upon the special business for which she had sent for Mr. Seymour, Vera referred to the subject of the trial, and asked the solicitor's opinion upon the whole matter. He gave it frankly and succinctly.

Sir Vivian Devereux had, he said, perhaps done himself some mischief by refusing to face a trial; at the same time, the evidence against him was so strong that, unless important contradictory evidence were forthcoming, he was afraid the issue must be condemnation, although, as the crime would come under the head of manslaughter, the penalty would probably be reduced to imprisonment for a term of years. The crime must have been committed by some one who had an enmity against both brothers, and who wished to fix it upon the younger. Did Miss Calderon know of any clue? Did Sir Vivian suspect any one at Chandos Royal? It was difficult to imagine any stranger obtaining possession of the dagger.

Vera, standing by the mantlepiece, turned and looked steadily at Mr. Seymour.

"You," she said calmly, "suspect Sir Vivian to be guilty. No apology—it will make no difference in my respect for and my reliance on your good faith and advice. How can those who do not know him be blamed for a suspicion which wrongs him most in believing him capable of a lie? There is no shadow of reason to suspect any inmate of Chandos Royal. I know of no

reason to suspect any one about here. Sir Vivian has spoken to me of one person against whom there is nothing to which tangible shape can be given—an old woman who once met Sir Vivian and myself, and spoke with hatred of the House of Devereux. She certainly could not have struck so strong a blow with her own hand, and I do not suppose she could by any means obtain a weapon which she must first have known where to find."

"Hem!" said Mr. Seymour thoughtfully. "Still, if this woman could be found——"

"By detectives?" questioned Vera, ironically. "Well, let the attempt be made I can tell you nothing of her, except that I saw her in the park at Chandos Royal on the night of the costume ball. I did not see her face."

"It is useless then, at present, to take any action," said Mr. Seymour, not unnaturally confirmed in his view of the case by the absence of any ability even in Vivian to name any one upon whom he could fix a reasonable suspicion, and the philosophical manner in which Vera accepted the knowledge that her lover was believed guilty. "Surely," the lawyer argued inwardly, "a woman would fire up at such an idea if she believed him innocent." A keener psychologist than Mr. Seymour might have made this mistake. Vera was not a woman whose character could be easily read, or read at all, in a short time. He turned to the subject of the property; and he speedily found that, wherever and however Vera, in her Continental wanderings, had acquired her knowledge of and aptitude for business, Vivian Devereux was right when he credited her with such capacity. Although acting trustee until Miss Calderon came of age, Mr. Seymour regarded himself in the light of Vera's agent, knowing that it was her wishes that were to be his guide, and in everything he deferred to her. In the immediate present all that was done was to close up Chandos Royal and Rougemont. From the latter none of the servants were discharged, from the former only the newer servants; the older ones retained their places.

Alas, when would Chandos Royal open its gates again to its lord; and would that girl, with the deathly-white face and weird haunting eyes, who glided noiselessly through the long galleries and paused ever and anon to caress the noble hound who walked by her side and looked up to her with wistful yearning gaze, as if she could give him back his lost master—would this beautiful girl ever be the mistress of these noble halls? Her own lips murmured, "Never, never!"

* * * * * *

Is it not that same figure that comes out from yonder copse in the park of Temple Rest and pauses for a moment, half in the moonlight, half under the shadows of the trees? And what is that black form upon which the bright rays flash for a moment? A female form seemingly, clothed in a long mantle, with the hood drawn over the face. It is lost now, before more can be seen than this; but why has the other—the slighter, younger figure—halted? Why, with a whispered "Hist!" is the white hand, from which a gleaming diamond sends forth a thousand scintillations, placed over the mouth of the huge bloodhound by her side? Suddenly the parted lips are closely compressed, the listening expression changes, a terrible look comes into the dark eyes; the hand is withdrawn from the dog's mouth and clenched with the other so tightly that the blood almost starts under the nails. If look and thought could slay, the man she sees rapidly crossing the glade would be a corpse at her feet.

"Miss Calderon," he says, in a low wondering tone, as he draws near, "here, at this hour!"

She has mastered herself by this time; it is a face of haughty surprise she turns to him.

"I might retort, Mr. Everest," she says. "I thought you were in London."

"So I have been. I am down only for a few days I came principally to see you."

"I ought to feel flattered, I suppose," with such a bitter sneer as Vivian had never seen her wear; "or have you come on some business?"

"You are cruel?" Everest says, speaking calmly, but with something in his manner—it does not need to be broad and open for her to see it—that makes her feel the subtle pressure of a power to which she must yield. "Did Sir Vivian Devereux teach you to be satirical? It is a dangerous weapon So" he continues carelessly, keeping by her side as she moves forward, "you are trustee, or will be in a year or two, of all his property, and owner of what he can transfer by deed. Even his favorite dog and horse are yours, and his ring also"—glancing at the diamond, a brilliant of rare lustre, on the third finger of her left hand.

She does not answer him—does not even look at him. She is terrified at herself to think that, if at that moment the dog should spring at him and pull him down, she might perhaps leave him to his fate.

"He intends you," says Everest presently, "to keep his memory green."

"Talk of something else," the girl breaks out abruptly, so fiercely that her companion falls back in vague alarm and amazement, "or leave me! Are you mad? Am I made of stone? You know me better than that, though you know me so little. Do not tempt me too far, Clinton Everest, or you may yet lose all you are playing for."

Everest stands silent, looking at her.

"No," he says at length, "I do not know you. I shall know you better—in time Meanwhile I obey. I will talk no more of Vivian Devereux. It will be well for him, and for you, if he never crosses my path."

The girl's eyes seemed literally to glow like fire as she faces him.

"And for you!" she says, with an intensity of passionate scorn that actually cows the man before her. "Take care, Clinton Everest; we share power. It is not all yours!"

She turns and walks on. Everest pauses a moment. His lips close over his teeth, his eyes gleam with a cruel light.

"Love her!" he half mutters. "Can I love her? Her passion crushes me. I have none to meet it. She awes me and yet dazzles, bewilders me. Love! Well, what need. But I will yet be master of Temple Rest."

A few swift strides, and he is by her side again.

"Do you threaten?" he says in a low tone, not bending down—he has no need—for he is almost small for a man, and Vera's tall figure has the advantage of him.

"Threaten!"—in the same manner, then with a sneer—"Cowards threaten—I only warn."

"Do you? Shall I warn also?"

They have reached the gate of the garden now; and, as Vera lays her hand on it, she turns with an air of superb indifference—

"If you like," she says, toying with the chain of her watch.

Whatever he meant to say, the girl's look and manner checked the words on his lips He glances toward the house and pauses; he must wound her.

"Another time," he says—"not now For the present, adieu." Then, glancing at the bloodhound, who stands close to his young mistress, as if he feels that he is deputy guardian, and looks at her companion with no friendly eye, he adds, "'Love me, love my dog!' Well, he is not friendly to me, but I have reason to be grateful to him; he has done me good service."

"He may do better yet," Vera answers quickly, laying her hand on the animal's head; and with these words she opens the gate and passes through; and Everest does not attempt to stop her.

Was she unconsciously uttering a prophecy? What is the power that Percy Everest holds over her? What brought her out into the park to-night? Who was it she met in the dark copse yonder?

A year and nine months roll by and leave these questions still unanswered—a year and nine months that work strange changes in Vera Calderon's life—that have made her trustee of the broad lands and princely revenues of the Lord of Chandos Royal and Rougemont, and a leader of society—sole trustee at present, for the Count Saint Leon is still compelled to remain in Spain, though he writes from time to time, expressing the hope that he shall be soon restored to health, and so enabled to take his share of the responsibility that he has willingly undertaken. And Vivian, too, writes, but not often. He bears nobly his terrible exile. But cannot Vera read between the lines? And does not the iron that has entered so deeply into his soul pierce her too—say, with a more cruel stab?

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE first week in May, and town is full. The park, the galleries the Opera, all blossom with beauty and at the Clubs the loungers scrutinise art and make bets, and talk the scandal of the town.

The Academy of Arts opened to day. It is a very good one this year, they say. But few amongst the fashionable throngs that are pouring into the rooms have come to see the pictures in a general sense; they have come to see the picture before which an ever shifting crowd revolves all day, humming and buzzing "like the murmur of many bees"—the full length portrait of a woman standing quite alone on the banks of a river, the form flung out in bold relief against a background of soft, sad sky, the sky of early dawn. The rich robes of garnet velvet droop in picturesque folds round the slender figure, the pose of which is the ideal of majestic grace. The hands, tightly interlaced, are hanging down before her, and the diamond on the third finger of the hand seems almost to flash into the spectator's eyes. But, striking as the entire figure is, —painted with all the richness of coloring and poetry of conception of the best school of Italian art—it is the face that rivets the gaze and makes it actual pain to withdraw it, though there is pain in looking—a face of singular beauty—haughty, sternly enduring. One could fancy a smile—bright and dazzling, but not happy; and the eyes, gazing out straight before her—"eyes that should look out over a dreary waste—weird haunting eyes meant to express all depths of misery"—had they looked on something the memory of which was burnt into that slight girl's soul? Did they dread some unknown —some awful future? That single portrait —that Spanish-faced woman in her garnet robes—is a tragedy, a history, in itself. It dwarfs every other picture, challenges and compels attention.

The visitor turns to the catalogue, half-thinking that it can be no picture of a modern beauty after all and reads, "No 370. Miss Vera Cecil Marie Calderon, of Temple Rest, Cornwall; the painter's name is an Italian one and little known."

Who is this Vera Calderon? Every one is talking of her.

"A perfect likeness—perfect," says the Marchioness of Landport, dropping her eyeglass and making way for the German Ambassador. "That picture will simply be the making of the artist."

"The only reason," remarks Lord Sydney Tollemache, to whom her ladyship has addressed herself, "that induced Miss Calderon to have it exhibited."

"Indeed? How do you know that?"

"From head quarters—the artist himself. Why commissions poured in upon him as soon it was known that he was painting Miss Calderon."

"Of course. Will she be here to day, I wonder?"

"Very likely. As I crossed the park I saw her driving with Miss Morton."

"I dare say she will come then. By the way," added the Marchioness, taking Lord Sydney's arm and moving slowly away, "I hear you have an invitation from Mrs. Gresham Faulkner—shall you go?"

"Can you ask? Miss Calderon is likely to be there."

"Take care, my lord; those moths will burn their wings who flutter round that candle. I don't think Vera Calderon has forgotten Sir Vivian Devereux."

Lord Sydney's pleasant face grows grave and thoughtful.

"How should she? Who could, who had once known him?"

"You never believed him guilty. Well, it was a very strange case. But, to return to Mrs. Gresham Faulkner, I can't make out exactly who or what she is. Miss Calderon goes to her assemblies and receives her—and yet you know she is not of our eccentric leader's set—is she?"

"N no, can't say she is. Nor is Clinton Everest, altogether. Still, he is of a good Cumberland family, and his father was a political colleague of old Sir Randal Devereux; but no one seems to know who this Mrs. Gresham-Faulkner is or who Gresham Faulkner the husband was—if he is dead."

The Marchioness looks comically alarmed.

"My dear Lord Sydney, you frighten me Still, Vera Calderon would never lend her countenance to an adventuress, and Mrs Gresham Faulkner is not in bad taste."

"Nevertheless," returns Lord Sydney, lifting hands clothed in the pale lemon kid, "there is a touch of it about her. She is wealthy, handsome, and, they say, desirous to make a good match. Why should not I, who cannot woo La Faulkner?"

"Pray do nothing of the sort!" exclaimed Lady Landport. "I declare——"

"What, my dear Marchioness?"

"I had half intended asking Vera Calderon to bring Mrs Gresham Faulkner to my ball on the twenty-sixth; but I will not do it unless you promise me not to enrol yourself amongst her list of suitors."

"Have no fear, my dear Marchioness. Vera Calderon is as likely to marry Clinton Everest as I to offer my hand and heart to Mrs Gresham-Faulkner."

"Do you mean to say," says the Marchioness, "that the first idea has been canvassed?"

"What will not be canvassed. He is certainly one of our eccentric leader's—as you call her—admirer. She does more than tolerate him; but the idea of such a woman looking at Everest, of forgetting a man like Chandos Devereux for him, is simply absurd. He, of course would be delighted. He has little; and who would not jump to be the husband of the lady of Temple Rest, and the trustee of the Chandos Royal estates?"

"I don't like him," says the Marchioness shortly. "If Vera Calderon were not unlike every one else—quite unique— I might marvel that she could endure him either as admirer or suitor, after the terrible tragedy of two years ago."

"Poor Vera Calderon!" says Lord Sydney thoughtfully. "I have heard her called heartless for flinging herself into society. Heartless! Look at her face! If she is happy, the Ancient Mariner was happy whose 'heart within him burned.'"

"It was a cruel fate," remarks Lady Landport; "and, while some temperaments seek relief in solitude, others must have action. She, you see, too, has all her life been used to action She has been a traveler from her infancy. She never knew rest; and I am sure, if she had no other trouble the care of that property would be enough to say nothing of her own, to give her sleepless nights Yet they say she is a perfect woman of business, looks after things herself, and is adored by the tenants The mere thought of such responsibility would turn my hair gray. And her co-trustee still remains abroad."

"Yes; but Miss Morton told me the other day that Miss Calderon had heard from him, and that he was coming over very shortly—within a fortnight, I believe."

"Indeed!" cries Lady Landport. "Dear me! He will be quite an acquisition. He is so singularly like Sir Vivian Devereux, you know. I am dying to see him. I wish one could hear something of him. I dare not, for the life of me, ask Miss Calderon. She may know, but no one else does."

"Sh—sh!" whispered some one near. There she is!"

"Who? Where?" answered an eager voice.

"Vera Calderon. Has she a rival, that you ask the question?"

Lady Landport turns quickly, and catches in the distance a glimpse of a figure in ruby velvet and gray cavalier hat and plumes, and she decides on the spot to obtain a similar costume for her daughter; for it is the fashion to copy Vera Calderon.

"This way" she says to her companion. "There are Vera Calderon and Florrie Morton—Night and Morning."

"'She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes,'"

quotes Lord Sydney. "Miss Calderon I mean, of course. She always makes me think of those lines."

"Yes, but Byron is old-fashioned. Recall something of Swinburne or Rossetti."

"My dear Marchioness, you forget! Did not the senorita—our beautiful Velasquez—declare the other night that none of these modern poets equalled Byron?"

"So she did, and would not tell old Sir George Cranbourne which was her favorite poem, though he tried so hard to find out. Hush! Ah, there is Lady Constance Morton; and there, too, is Mr. Everest!"

CHAPTER XXX.

VERA CALDERON turned from the group that surrounded her to greet the Marchioness of Landport.

"I am so glad you are here," said the soft contralto voice. "I did not mean to have come, but Florrie dragged me with her."

No cavalier in Miss Calderon's train was more devoted to her than pretty Florrie Morton; and, dissimilar as the two girls were, a strong tie of friendship existed between them, the force and independence of Vera's character giving to her affection more of the elements of a man's love for a woman than of a woman's for one of her own sex.

"I wanted to see the picture," interposed Miss Morton; "and Vera declared I had enough of the original."

"That cannot be," said gallant Lord Sydney; and Vera accepted the compliment with absolute indifference.

"You had better go and look then, Florrie," she remarked, smiling a little. "No, Mr. Everest"—with graceful carelessness—"I saw you in the park to day, and I shall meet you to morrow at the Opera, I dare say. I am going to talk to Lady Landport now. Dear Marchioness"—passing her hand caressingly through her ladyship's arm—Vera had any and every manner at command, she was by nature brilliant and versatile, and she had studied in a stern school for the last two years—"there is room for one in my box, and I have not filled it up. Can you do it for me? You know my foreign ways; it need not be some one I know already, whether it be he or she."

"He? Oh, fie, Miss Calderon! Then take pity on my nephew, Clem Willoughby; he is just home from India, and would be so delighted. But don't let me inflict a young Hussar on you, if——"

"Dear Lady Landport, I cry you mercy! I am sure Mr.—pardon me—what is his rank?"

"Only cornet, at present."

"I am sure," Vera continued, bowing an acknowledgment of the information, "the 'young Hussar' will not be an infliction."

"You get more sense out of young men than any woman I ever knew," said Lady Landport frankly. "Clem was here half an hour ago, raving over your portrait. My news will deprive him of what little brain he has! Thanks for your kindness. By the way, you will not disappoint me on the twenty sixth? And I was going to ask you to bring Mrs. Gresham-Faulkner with you."

"I shall be most happy," said Vera, without change of countenance. "I dare say you will like her—most people do."

"Will she be with you to-night?"

"No; Lady Ann Beauclerc and Florrie. Your nephew can meet us in the lobby I don't know him, but he will know me. You smile: am I Bohemian? Perhaps English society I find so stiff and formal."

"So you are making Bohemianism fashionable," said the Marchioness, laughing. "And now, while I can hold you—and I see jealous eyes glaring this way—tell me, is it true what Lord Sydney declared to me, that Monsieur de St. Leon is coming over at last?"

"I am not sure, Lady Landport. I hope so. I heard from him about three weeks ago. He was then in Paris."

Everest came up at that moment and caught the last words.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

There has been found at Preston, Conn., a deed dated May 20, 1685, conveying to Benjamin Brewster 810 acres of land in Norwich, on condition that he shall render to the King, James II., one-fifth of all the gold and silver ore found in the tract.

SMILE WHEN YOU CAN.

BY H. A.

When things don't go to suit you,
And the world seems upside down,
Don't waste your time in fretting,
But drive away that frown;
Since life is oft perplexing,
'Tis much the wisest plan
To bear all trials bravely,
And smile whene'er you can.

Why should you dread to-morrow,
And thus despoil to-day?
For when you borrow trouble,
You must expect to pay,
It is a good old maxim,
Which should be often preached—
"Don't cross the bridge before you
Until the bridge is reached."

You might be spared much sighing,
If you would bear in mind
The thought that good and evil
Are always here combined.
There must be something wanting,
And though you roll in wealth,
You miss from out your casket
That precious jewel—health.

And though you're strong and sturdy
You may have an empty purse—
And earth has many trials
Which I consider worse;
But whether joy or sorrow
Fill up your mortal span,
'Twill make your pathway brighter
To smile whene'er you can!

In Five Years.

BY E. T. L.

ETHEL WINTERS wondered if ever again in all her life such exquisite happiness would come to her as came to her while she listened with half averted face and thrilling pulses. Or, if ever such sickening pain would rend her heart again, as rent it while she listened, and made up her mind to say her ardent loger nay.

They had been friends all the summer-time, and the critical lookers-on at this fashionable seaside hotel had been equally divided in their opinions that Miss Winters would marry the handsome, proud, poor young doctor who had paid such devoted court to her, or, whether it was one of Ethel's beautiful flirtations, whose finale would be—the acceptance of the rich elderly gentleman who was quite as bewildered over her as Dr. Trederich Stone.

Neither Albert Gordon, the aristocratic gentlemanly banker, who drove the handsomest turn-out, and who was only biding his time to lay his famous name and spotless reputation, his immense riches and the luxury and pleasure they represented, at fair Ethel Winter's feet; neither he, nor Trederich Stone, knew which of them would come in victor in the race; and to-day when he had spied Ethel alone in the pretty country lane, standing beside the rustic stile, Dr. Stone had put his fate to the test, to win, or, Heaven help him! to lose it!

Go to him? Share his obscurity and poverty, when all her life she had been taught to believe that such grace, beauty and sweetness as hers should bring her in a fair price—a more substantial price than bread-and-cheese-and kisses?

Every nerve in her body thrilled at his touch, every pulse quickened at sight of him or sound of his voice, every vestige of color faded from her cheeks at the thought of being for ever separated from him.

He drooped his head near her face.

"Beloved!"

The royally authoritative way in which he said it made her realise that she must at once undeceive him.

Then for the first time she looked up, maiden wistfulness, pitifulness and a certain resolute defiance on her face, an expression that sent a foreboding chill to his heart.

"I dare not say what you want me to say, she said, half hesitatingly. "It would be a cruel injustice to you to fetter you, in your days of struggle and poverty with——"

He interrupted her.

Such an utter despair of sudden surprise, and her heart fairly stopped its pulsing at sight of it.

"Can it be possible? Oh Heaven! I thought, perhaps—I feared, perhaps, you might not be able to love me, but you will not—because—we are poor."

His tones gradually changed from pitiful amazement and passionate despair to distrust and contempt.

And Ethel was too thoroughly a woman to let him gain the pitiful victory over her, so she calmly met his dark, imperious eyes

"Five years from now you will thank me for this, Dr. Stone," she said, looking at his grand face that suddenly lost all its impetuous, imperious passion, that as suddenly grew white with a heart-sick, heart sore, desperate longing.

"Five years! Five years to live without you, oh my darling!"

And he buried his face in his hands, and Ethel saw his stalwart frame quiver as a woman's does when she is in a passion of sobbing tears, only no sound escaped his firm closed lips.

It was then that all the stern training of Ethel Winter's life availed her at sight of Trederich Stone's pain.

All the wild, almost reckless longing that swayed her woman's heart yielded to her iron will, her resolute determination not to sacrifice all things for love, and she let him fight it out for several awful minutes, such as she never had experienced yet.

Then he lifted his face, that looked as if ten years of pain and suffering had impressed themselves upon it.

"I doubt if ever a woman can make a man suffer so again, because I doubt if ever a man loved so well as I."

He did not touch her hand when he suddenly stretched out both arms a moment towards her, as if even yet he would have saved her from herself, saved her to himself.

Then he turned his back to her and left her alone.

Ethel crouched down by the stile in a dumb, numb agony that even her iron will, her golden ambition, and the thought of Albert Gordon could not remove or ameliorate.

Five hours later a magnificent diamond glowed on her dainty finger, and when she walked into the ball room of the hotel Albert Gordon's beautiful *fiancee*, Trederich Stone, standing in the door way, looked at her with a bitter light in his stern eyes, and bowed and smiled coldly as she passed, leaning on her betrothed husband's arm, proud and haughty as a princess.

* * * * *

After that, very shortly, came the brilliant wedding and the bridal trip abroad, and another year of luxurious gaiety and mammon worship; and then, the inevitable end of Ethel's folly and sin followed, such utter surfeiture of those things that could not satisfy her soul and heart when their golden novelty had worn off

And after the surfeiture, the terrible unrest, the regret that merged into frantic, unavailing remorse, came unbearable longing and what in another woman would have been reckless desperation.

Then Albert Gordon died without an hour's sickness, or a moment's special preparation, leaving his beautiful widow utterly, entirely penniless as the day when he made her his wife.

Ethel never once thought of the poverty into which she was again flung, never once thought of anything but her freedom, her humble thankfulness that now she might give free vent to her longings, now she might let Dr. Stone know that the ministry of her married life had been to teach her that love was better than all other things besides.

She had heard of him several times in those few years, and she knew he was unmarried; she also knew he had worshipped and was sure, by the undying love in her own heart, that she could, by penitence and sweetness, bring him to crown her with his love.

So soon as it was respectful and prudent she sent him word how it all was, how that her punishment had been so terrible, her release so merciful. How that the cursed ambition for riches no longer uprose between them, how that in their obscurity and poverty they would be so blessed, so happy.

And telling him that, to make her penitence complete in his sight, to prove to him how she loved him beyond all estimate she would lay aside all conventionalities and come to him as once he came to her, and telling him also that he was not, under any circumstances, to answer her letter, because she wanted to hear him say and not to read how he loved her, and would forgive and bless her, and acknowledge the prophecy she once made, that five years after its utterance he would thank her for it.

And what a thanksgiving it would be!

Her letter went by one mail train and she followed in the next, that his glad surprise might be the sweeter; and the very first person that she saw as she alighted from the train was Dr. Trederich Stone.

All her senses seemed suddenly, sharply electrified at sight of him—a king among his fellows by right of his sternly, gravely handsome face, dignified bearing and presence.

She went up to him before he had seen her, all her heart in her thrilling voice, in her intense eyes.

"Oh Trederich! this is too good of you. How did you receive my letter so soon? Trederich are you glad I have come?"

By the time she had said her say, he had begun to understand, and then he very gravely, with a half smile, quietly undeceived her.

"Your letter, Mrs. Gordon? I have received no letter from you. Ah, Millie, my dear!—my wife, Mrs. Gordon. We are just starting on our wedding tour, Mrs. Gordon."

And that was how her prophecy came true, looking with anguished eyes on the lovely, dainty girl who acknowledged her husband's proud presentation.

In five years he would thank her for her merciless preference for ambition, and, in little more than half that time, he was thankful for his fair bride's love.

Cabinet-size photographs of the Hood children are offered for sale in New Orleans, the proceeds to go to swell the fund already contributed for the support of the orphans. They are represented in graceful positions through the picture, with the little babe resting quietly in its cradle. A vacant chair in the group bespeaks the loss of the eldest daughter, while from their portraits on the wall look down the father and mother of these afflicted ones.

LEANING TOWERS AND STEEPLES.

OF these singular objects, whose striking appearance is due to various causes, we meet with a number of instances. Of leaning towers perhaps the most remarkable, certainly the most widely known, is the celebrated one at Pisa, in Italy. It is 187 feet in height, being ascended by 355 steps, and is inclined from the perpendicular rather more than fourteen feet. Erected about 1174, this beautiful structure is built of marble and granite, having eight stories, each formed of arches supported by columns, the several stories being divided by ornamental cornices. Being unconnected with the neighboring buildings, it was probably intended to be used as a belfry. Notwithstanding its inclination and the fact that 700 years have elapsed since the erection of the structure, it has withstood the ravages of time with more than ordinary success, exhibiting, at the present time, hardly any perceptible sign of decay. It would seem that the tower has not always presented the peculiar appearance which it has now assumed, for in the Campo Santa, a neighboring burial ground, the cloisters of which are ornamented with curious paintings on stucco, there exists a representation of the tower in an upright position. These paintings are supposed to have been executed about 1300—more than 100 years after the tower was built; so that it may be considered pretty certain that the inclination was caused by the gradual sinking of the earth, as is the case with those at Bologna in the same country. The taller of these latter, that of Asinelli, was built in 1109. It is over three hundred feet high, and has been stated to incline two feet and a half. It may be ascended from the interior by 500 steps, and the summit commands an extensive view of the neighboring cities of Imola, Ferrara and Modena. The lesser tower of the two, that of Garisendi or Garisenide, compared by Dante to the stooping giant Antæus, is about 140 feet high, and deviates seven or eight feet from the perpendicular. It has been found by experiment that most lofty buildings of any antiquity are slightly inclined from an upright position. In Italy, besides those already mentioned, numerous other instances are to be found. The bell tower of St. Marv Zibenica, at Venice, leans; also towers at Ravenna and between Ferrara and Venice.

The most remarkable leaning tower in Great Britain is that of Caerphilly Castle, Glamorganshire. Being but between seventy and eighty feet high, it is eleven feet out of the perpendicular. The castle of which the tower forms a part was built about 1221, and the canting of the tower is said to have been caused by an explosion of hot liquid metal used by the occupants of the castle to pour on the heads of their enemies at a siege which took place in 1326. There are also leaning towers at Bridgenorth Castle in Shropshire, and at Corfe Castle in Dorsetshire, both caused by the use of gunpowder during the civil war between King Charles and his Parliament.

Of churches with crooked spires, the most noteworthy is the famous one at Chesterfield, in Derbyshire. It leans six feet towards the south and four feet four inches towards the west, and its height is 220 feet. So peculiar is the distorted appearance of this steeple, that it is said to appear falling towards the spectator from whatever point he approaches it. Salisbury Cathedral spire is said to lean considerably from an upright position. There was a common tradition some sixty or seventy years ago that the architect who built the Cathedral, having quarrelled with the foreman, the latter went to Salisbury and built the spire of the Cathedral at that place, which he carried up more than 400 feet, in order to outdo the work of his former master, which was only 300 feet in height. There is, however, no truth in the tradition, as Chichester Cathedral was completed early in the twelfth century, and Salisbury not until the thirteenth. Lewestoft steeple is crooked, which is attributed to the warping of the lead-covered timber of which it is constructed. In the Lincolnshire fens, Spalding Church spire used to lean so much that it was in great danger of tumbling down. Four miles from Spalding is Surfleet Church, whose steeple, on account of the marshy ground on which it is built, inclines in a frightful manner towards the west. So alarming is the appearance of this singular building, that travelers have frequently dismounted from their horses, afraid lest the steeple should fall upon them.

Ward H. Lamon, the former law partner and biographer of Abraham Lincoln, says from boyhood he had a presentiment and firm belief that he should be President of the United States. He also had a presentiment that he should die a violent death. What is still more singular, his wife, from the first entertained the same belief that he would be President of the United States. She said: "He's going to be President, and that's the reason I married him, for you know he isn't pretty."

The young fellow who devotes his time to complimenting the girls, is classed by the census-taker as engaged in the praising.

GETTING FIRE.

IN early ages, "when wild in woods the noble savage ran," compliance with the request "Will you give me a light, please?" involved, if the camp fires had gone out, a spell of unremitting hard work. The primitive mode of striking fire was by rubbing one piece of dry wood upon another until incandescence was induced. Probably Jabal, the father of dwellers in tents and herdsmen, and Jubal, the father of musicians, were indebted, when they wanted a light, to Tubal Cain, their half brother, the first "artificer in brass and iron," who doubtless "gathered" his smity fire so that it might smoulder through the night and be reading for blowing up in the morning.

However this may be, a care of those who lived in very early stages of the world's history would appear to have been to keep their lamps or fires constantly burning, rather than to depend upon means of striking fire when their "lamps had gone out." It may be supposed that when Abraham and Isaac proceeded to Moriah for the terrible sacrifice in prospect, it was a lamp, and not a lucifer that the patriarch had when he "took the fire in his hand." The maintenance of a continuous light was imposed upon the children of Israel as a religious duty: "Bring the pure oil olive beaten for the light, to cause the lamp to burn always." The extinguished lamp or candle was evidence of divine displeasure: "The lamp of the wicked shall be put out."

Returning to early methods of striking fire, a tribe of South American savages improved upon the dry wood friction process. They discovered that they could generate showers of sparks by the sharp abrasive contact of a certain kind of pyrites upon siliceous or flinty stones. The sparks directed upon a quantity of dry readily inflammable fibrous material obtained a flame, with comparatively little trouble beyond procuring and preparing materials.

In the matter of "striking a light," the human family remained in a state of comparative barbarism till a period almost within the recollection of the "oldest inhabitant." Our grandmothers kept the kitchen fire alight all night by placing a block of coal upon it, and packing it with small coal or ashes, so as to allow it to smoulder only till the morning.

The first triumph of "applied science" in "striking a light," lay in the discovery of the combined capabilities of burned linen, or tinder, flint and steel, and brimstone tipped wood matches, or "spunks," as they were called in some parts of the country. The tinder was usually a domestic production, the tinder boxes and steels, or "frizz'es," were made at Birmingham and Wolverhampton, England, where a considerable business was done in these articles. The flint was had from where it could be picked up, and the manufacturers and vendors of the matches were chiefly poor old women. The steel was of the form of the letter U elongated and reversed, the narrower stalk being the handle, the broader, which had a serrated outer edge, was used for striking the piece of flint, and producing the sparks that ignited the tinder, which in turn ignited the brimstone-tipped match. The lighted tinder, when it had served its purpose, was extinguished by a close-fitting inner cover that was pressed down upon it.

The flint and steel were also used for lighting match paper—thick, porous paper that had been dipped in a solution of saltpetre and afterward dried. The match-paper was held close to the piece of flint, with its edge at the point of impact with the steel. It ignited readily and burned freely, but without flame. German tinder and "touchwood," being woody tissue in a certain stage of decay, were sometimes used in the same way as match-paper. The methods of igniting fire, as has been seen, were up to this point by rude mechanical expedients. It is only during the last half century that science may be said to have been applied to the manufacture of matches. One of the earliest novelties was the "instantaneous lighting-box," which contained a bottle charged with sulphuric acid and fibrous asbestos. The tipped match was let into the bottle and caught fire in its contact with the acid. The revolution in match-making, and the origin of the match manufacture, as a large and important industry, may be said to date from the introduction of phosphorus as an igniting agent, applied in various ways. The curious scientific toys, the "instantaneous lighting" and "phosphorus boxes," had a limited sale at a guinea each, afterwards reduced by degrees to a shilling. There are now matches in the market that sell at the rate of six hundred for two cents.

About the year 1707 the Jews offered Lord Godolphin, Minister of Queen Anne to pay $2 000 000 (and they would have made it $5 000 000) if the Government would allow them to purchase the town of Brentford, with leave of settling there entirely with full privileges of trade, etc. Lord Godolphin did not comply with the request, and a curious reason is assigned by Dean Lockster, because it would provoke two of the most powerful bodies in the nation—the clergy and the merchants.

Moss green is announced as coming into favor in Paris.

COURTSHIP.

BY L. S.

I wooed my love with sweet gifts from the candy store.
When I had eight, she seven, summers seen;
Until her paling cheek declined all offerings more,
And I did feel my suit had fatal been.

I wooed my love with apples from my garden tree.
When she eleven, I twelve, years had passed,
Until my little Eve did check my courtesy,
And tearful vowed that she had ta'en her last.

I wooed my love with verses from my am'rous quill.
When fifteen she, I sixteen, winters knew;
Until my Laura bade my ardent Muse be still,
And from her tuneful Petrarch bashful flew.

I wooed my love with trinkets of the goldsmith's art,
When she nineteen, I twenty, years had run;
Until my credit failed the promptings of my heart,
And all my money—not my love—was done.

I wooed my love in polished periods of prose,
When five and four and twenty years we reached,
Until she fixed her eyes upon her beating toes,
And asked me where I had learned to preach.

I wooed my love with wealth and carriages and pairs,
When five years more had aged us lovers both;
She wanted rank and station, and, assuming airs
Of Clara Vere de Vere, to wed was loth.

I wooed my love with honors, orders, wounds and fame,
When half a century had o'er us rolled;
When now she called bright honor but an empty name,
As, devotee, her beads she hourly told.

And now I woo with memory's regret,
For I have touched the Psalmist's utmost score;
For her no thoughts of earth nor of the future fret,
For she is dead these twenty years and more.

Mr. Jones' Secret.

BY J. O. T.

"So you've made up your mind to come and live with us, Mrs Gington," said Mr. Jones—and as he spoke the words a curious expression, which might be interpreted either as gratification or otherwise, came out round the corners of his mouth.

Mrs. Gington, a portly dame in black silk, with extremely juvenile curls on either side of her well powdered cheeks, nodded assent, as she settled the bows of white ribbon that adorned her cap.

"Yes James," said she. "I have. Augusta needs me."

"Needs you!" repeated her son in-law, with some emphasis.

"The housekeeping, you know," suggested Mrs. Gington. "It's Augusta's spirits. The poor, dear girl pines. She needs society.

"Really!" Mr. Jones raised his eyebrows. "I was not aware of that."

"And if I must say it," added the mother-in law, "although I am the very last person to wish to sow the seeds of dissension, you give her very little of your companionship, James."

"Business," said Mr. Jones, briefly.

"That's what men always say," said Mrs. Gington, with a meaning sniff. "However the fact remains the same—my Augusta droops. And as you can have no sort of objection to my occupying a little insignificant corner in this old house——"

"Not the least in the world," said Mr. Jones.

"I thought so," said Mrs. Gington.

But she had anticipated a pitched battle on the subject, and was, perhaps, just a little disappointed that her son in-law had capitulated without a blow.

"What did he say, ma!" nervously questioned Mrs. James Jones, a meek, pink-eyed little creature.

"He said he had no objection," said Mrs. Gington. "But I know very well he doesn't like me."

"Don't say that, ma," said Augusta.

"Well, it doesn't matter much," remarked Mrs. Gington, belligerently scratching the bridge of her Roman nose. "He's one of the kind that is always poking fun at you."

"Oh ma!" fluttered Augusta. "I am sure James means nothing of the kind."

"Yes, he does too," said Mrs. Gington, sharply. "But I'll teach him. He'll find out that his secrets and mysteries don't go down with me"

Mrs Jones burst into tears.

James had secrets

There was no disputing that fact.

James came and went mysteriously, like a brigand, or a conspirator, kept a special key to the cellar, and when asked what all this meant, only chucked his partner under the chin, and responded—

"Business, my dear, business."

"And I'm sure, ma," whispered Mrs. Jones, with her pocket handkerchief to her eyes, "I'd give all I'm worth to know what it means."

"Down the cellar, eh!" said Mrs. Gington, feeling reflectively of her chin.

"Yes," said Mrs. Jones, "down the cellar, In the little northeast room where there's a gas burner, and a shuttered window, and a stone floor, and a lot of shelves."

Mrs Gington threw up her head like a war horse eager for combat.

"I'll track out his guilty mysteries," said she. "Or I'll know the reason why."

And within a week Mrs. Gington had borrowed a bunch of keys big enough for a locksmith's sign, and fitted one of them triumphantly to the mysterious cellar door.

And the heart of conquering Cæsar himself never beat more exultant than did that of Mr. Jones' mother in-law as she shuffled, slipper footed, into the stone floored sanctum.

She was not altogether certain what she had expected to find, whether a human skeleton, a set of counterfeiter's tools, or a can or so of nitro glycerine; but it was to have been something very terrible.

And her revulsion of spirits, on discovering only a row of bottles was correspondingly great.

"Humph," snorted Mrs. Gington, holding up her candle and looking around. "Bottles! Nothing on earth but bottles."

She set down her candle, and indulged herself in a second view.

"I wonder what is in 'em!" said she to herself.

The corks were not sealed down.

"It can't do any harm just to look," said Mrs. Gington; "or to smell, which amounts to the same thing."

And whipping out her pocket scissors, Mrs Gington proceeded to remove the corks from the bottles and inhale the odor of their contents, one by one.

"Wine, as I live," said Mrs. Gington: "and good wine, too. Oh, the hardened sot! Only to think of a man like James Jones making nightly visits to this spot, with his depraved associates, just to drink himself into delirium tremens. Oh my poor Augusta! Oh, the wickedness of mankind! But it isn't bad wine, I must say."

And, out of a laudable spirit of inquiry, Mrs. Gington took a good, comfortable swallow out of each bottle.

"A slight difference in the flavor," said she, smacking her lips. "In the bouquet, as poor dear Gington used to say. But none in the body. One—two—three—four shelves full. Well I never! What will Augusta say!"

And carefully replacing the corks and relocking the door behind her, Mr. Jones' mother in law hurried upstairs to impart her tidings to Mr. Jones' wife.

Augusta listened, wrung her hands and wept.

"Oh ma, oh ma!" she bewailed herself, "what shall I do? Do you think he is really a drunkard?"

"Just wait, my dear, and hear me confront him with his sins," said Mrs. Gington severely.

"But what good will that do, ma!" sobbed Augusta.

"Child, I do believe you've a fool." said Mrs. Gington, almost angrily.

And there was the mysterious solemnity of an avenging fate upon her countenance when Mr Jones came home to dinner.

"Well, Augusta," said he, "you can have a fortnight at Atlantic this summer, if you please."

"What!" said the pink-eyed wife, sparcely disposed to believe her own ears.

"I've done a smart stroke of business lately," added Mr. Jones. "In the manufacture of poisons."

"What!" shrieked Mrs. Gington, droping her knife and fork.

"Exactly," said Mr. Jones, all smiles "To be sent out to Africa—ordered by the king of Bonzoola, to exterminate the hostile tribe of Kuloolas. Put up and flavored like the choicest wines. No one can tell corrosive sublimate from Madeira, nor strychnine from St. Julien claret! Of course the whole thing is *sub rosa*; the government passes 'em through for wines; but there's a fortune to be made out of the thing. And ——"

But here Mr. Jones' tide of eloquence was interrupted by a fearful shriek from his mother-in law.

"Eh!" said Mr. Jones. "What's the matter Mrs Gington?"

But the old lady had started up, with both hands pressed convulsively on her bosom.

"Water!" she gasped. "White of egg. Emetics! A stomach pump! Quick! Don't lose a moment!"

"You don't say——" began Mr. Jones.

"Yes, I do," said Mrs. Gington, with a choke and a gasp. "I got into the cellar, James—and I thought it was wine—and—dear! what shall I do! Run to the druggist, James! Bring me some warm water, Augusta! Do you mean, among you, to let me die!"

"So you've been prying into my affairs, eh!" said Mr. Jones, deliberately leaning back in his chair.

"Yes, I have," acknowledged Mrs. Gington. "But I didn't mean any harm—I didn't, indeed, and I'll never, never do such a thing again."

"I wouldn't if I were you," said Mr. Jones.

"Can't anything be done! Can't I be saved!" wailed the old lady, beginning to twist and writhe herself about, while Augusta clasped her hands in mute dismay.

"Don't excite yourself," said Mr. Jones. "If you've been breaking into my wine cellar, you're all right. I don't keep the poisons about the house."

"Oh, thank Providence for that!" sobbed Augusta, while Mrs. Gington drew herself upright, with a jerk.

"Is this a joke!" said she, indignantly.

"Well, if you choose to consider it so," demurely acknowledged her son-in-law.

"It's a shame!" shrieked the old lady.

"Do you mean that system of yours, of prying and peeping around a gentleman's house! I quite agree with you, then," said Mr. Jones.

Mrs. Gington rose to her feet in a rage.

"I won't stay another night under this roof," said she.

"Don't," said Mr. Jones, blandly.

And Mrs. Gington packed her trunks, and departed, leaving serene peace behind her.

"James," said Mrs. Jones, feebly.

"Well, my dear."

"Was it true?"

"Was what true, my dear!"

"About the poison?"

"It was what they call poetic license, my dear," chuckled the husband. "Entirely imaginary. It's not the poison business I'm in. It's the wine trade."

"But the two weeks at Atlantic!"

"Oh!" said Mr. Jones. "That's true enough. But don't you think you'll enjoy the holiday more without your mother!"

"Perhaps so my dear," said Mrs. Jones.

And Mrs. Gington never came back to stay at the residence of her son in law again.

REMARKABLE RIDERS —By dint of keeping constantly in the saddle and having relays of horses all along the road, the Prince de Ligne to covered the miles between Vienna and Paris, over five hundred as the crow flies—in six days. This performance was outdone by the Count de Maintenay, who rode the whole distance on one horse without dismounting. The Count, one of the most accomplished horsemen of his day, was attached to the mission sent by Napoleon to negotiate for the hand of Mary Louise, and was deputed to carry to his impatient master the formal consent of the Emperor of Austria to the marriage, and the miniature of the unwilling bride-elect. To expedite his journey six of the finest horses in the Imperial stables were despatched to the different places on the route, that the count might change his mount; but the Hungarian roadster he bestrode at starting went so fast and staved so well that the relays were not called into service, and the matrimonial messenger arrived at his destination long before he was expected, but so exhausted that he was fain to crave permission to be seated in the Emperor's presence as he delivered up the all important mission and repeated the archduchess's message to her future lord. A jeweled snuff box, 60 000 francs and the good steed he had ridden rewarded the Count for his expedition. The Count de Maintenay's feat was repeated in 1874 by an Austrian lieutenant, who undertook to ride his horse Caradoc from Vienna to Paris in fourteen days. He was unlucky enough to lose his way in the Black Forest and so waste seven hours, and was further delayed by an accident to his horse; nevertheless he accomplished his task with more than two hours to the good.

THE HISTORY OF GLOVES —Gloves, like their near neighbors, shoes, have a history extending into antiquity. Xenophon and Homer speak of them, showing that they must have been in use among the Greeks and Persians from very early times. Pliny the Younger says in one of his epistles that the amanuensis of the elder Pliny wore gloves in winter lest the severity of the weather should make him lose any time. The manufacture of gloves has been an important trade in France from early times. In 790 or thereabouts Charlemagne granted an unlimited right to the Abbot and monks of Sithin to make gloves from the deer they killed. The Council of Aix, circa 820, prohibited the inferior clergy from wearing any but sheep skin gloves. Before this the Fathers of the Church had inveighed against the practice of glove wearing as effeminate. The glovers of Paris constitute a considerable community having statues and laws dating back to 1190, which, were confirmed, added to, and renewed by Louis XIV. in 1656. Gloves were not generally worn in England until the fourteenth century, when they became popular with the better classes, who carried them in their hands, according to Fairholt; but not until the sixteenth century do we find constant allusion to them. Foreign gloves were not allowed to be imported into England until 1825.

A young German recently committed suicide in a manner that will fill with chagrin the heart of every true Frenchman. He attached himself securely to a horse, and put a lighted slow match in its ear. After a frantic gallop across the country the maddened animal plunged into a lake.

Orange blossoms are thickening.

Scientific and Useful.

PURIFYING MOULDY CASKS —Moisten the interior with water, and then fill them with fumes of burning sulphur. Stop the bung hole and vent, and let them stand an hour or two. Then rinse them out with clear water.

TAPE WORM IN EGGS —Various instances have been reported of the discovery in hens' eggs of minute specimens of animalculæ. They appear like a small speck, the size of a millet-seed or a pin's head. It is believed by scientists that these will develop into one of the varieties of tape worm, and it it wise, therefore, to take eggs that are hard boiled or otherwise well cooked.

MALLEABLE BRONZE —Malleable bronze is made by alloying 33 parts of copper and 25 parts of zinc, the copper being loosely covered with the zinc in the crucible. When the zinc has been fully incorporated with the copper, the alloy is cast in molding sand in the shape of bars, which are said to be capable of being hammered into any shape when hot.

THE RAVAGES OF INSECTS —Various remedies have from time to time been proposed to arrest the ravages of insects which destroy books and printed papers. There are obvious objections to the use of such antidotes as washing with a solution of corrosive sublimate in alcohol, exposing the books to the vapor of benzine, carbolic acid, hydrocyanic acid, or burning sulphur. A recent experimenter has tried with success to meet the difficulty by keeping the infested volumes for an hour under the exhausted bell-glass of an air-pump.

RICE PASTE —A paste to be specially recommended where it is desired that objects pasted on should not change in color or shading is made by mixing rice flour and water, then heating it slowly until the proper consistency is obtained. Prints on Chinese paper may be capitally mounted with this. Rice paste possesses, besides great adhesive power. Where rice flour is not conveniently attainable, it may be made by grinding the rice in a coffee mill, and then rubbing the meal so obtained in an iron or a wedgewood mortar with a pestle.

INDICATIONS OF DEATH —An Italian physician states that he has frequently noticed in patients, apparently very far from death, an extraordinary opening of the eyelids so as to give the eyes the appearance of protruding from their orbits, which was invariably a sign that death would occur within twenty-four hours. In some cases when only one eye is wide open, while the other remains normal, death will not follow quite so rapidly, but it does take place in a week or so. It is easy to observe this phenomenon when the eyes are wide open, but when, as is generally the case, the eyes are half shut and only opened from time to time, it will be advisable to fix the attention of the patient on some point or light in order to see the change.

Farm and Garden.

COW HOUSES —It is the opinion of an intelligent dairyman that there is a difference of two quarts of milk a day between a cow comfortably housed and the same exposed to the cold for half the day, as we frequently see them.

CHEAP PORK BARREL —To make a cheap pork barrel, buy a coal oil barrel; knock one head in, take a bunch of old hay, set fire to it, and throw it in the barrel; let it burn until the staves begin to burn; put it out by turning the barrel upside down; scrape the coal off, and you have a good, sweet barrel.

MIGRATIONS OF BIRDS —The birds are migrating westward, with the march of civilization and trees. It is noted in the journals of the southwest that birds of several species, never seen there a year or so ago, are now quite numerous. The theory that great climatic changes go on from year to year, as civilization pushes out into the plains, is reinforced by this circumstance.

THE HAYRACK —One of the worst eye-traps known is the hayrack, where a horse has to reach up and pull the hay down, filling his mane, forelop, and the worst of all, his eyes, with hayseed, chaff, or whatever may be mixed with the provender. They throw the horse into the most unnatural position for feeding, as the natural position is to reach down and pull up, not to reach up and pull down, as these hayracks make him do. In reaching up to eat it exposes the forelop, face and eyes to seed, chaff, and dirt, which, after getting on the head once, is liable to get into the eye at any time.

WINTER FOOD FOR POULTRY —The readiness with which fowls will eat the various garden vegetables depends on habit or education. If we may use so pretentious a word. In winter chop up carrots, turnips, beets, mangolds, or cheap seedling apples, if the latter can be afforded; and to teach fowls to eat these, thoroughly mix with meal till appetite is acquired, when they may be given alone, and alternately raw and cooked. Boiled potatoes and raw cabbages will generally be eaten without previous training, and this fact indicates that they are the best vegetable food for winter.

CHARRING CORN COBS —A correspondent writes: I notice a recent inquiry in regard to making carbon from corn cobs. I will state that I have been getting rid of my corn cobs in the hog lot for several years by burning them for the hogs. Whenever there is an accumulation of cobs, I rake them in a heap and set them on fire. As soon as they are well charred through, I put out the fire with water, and afterwards sprinkle on some salt. The hogs devour it greedily, and seem to thrive better. Whether truly or not, I attribute my freedom from hog cholera to burned corn cobs, never having had a case on my place, while my neighbors adjoining have lost many from that cause.

CARE OF HORSES —Partial or local debility is generally the cause of horses' legs swelling over night in the stable. When swelled legs occur in a horse that is thin and impoverished, debility must be counteracted to promote a cure by feeding somewhat liberally. It is aided also by giving tonics, such as half a drachm of powdered sulphate of iron and two drachms of powered gentian root mixed in the food once daily. Smart hand rubbing and bandaging should be employed, for which purpose strong woolen cloths of any kind may be used, but flannel forms the best bandage, when evenly and firmly applied by means of a roller four yards in length and four inches in breadth. Such a bandage may be applied every evening as long as needed. Its application should always be preceded by sharp friction of the limbs, and, instead of fastening them with strings, it is better to use strong pins.

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720 Sansom st., Phila.

SATURDAY EVENING, OCT 18, 1879

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

"THE DOCTOR'S SECRET"—Concluded.

"VERA, OR A GUILTLESS CRIME"—Chapters XXV, XXVI, XXVII, XXVIII, XXIX, and XXX.

SHORT STORIES.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT—Notes, Queries, and Fireside Chat.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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EDITORIALS. SANCTUM CHAT.

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PRAISE AND FLATTERY.

WHERE does the boundary line of legitimate praise leave off, and the region of sickly flattery begin? It seems to us just where truth leaves off and insincerity begins. Draw the line at this juncture, and you have the exact limit that separates the two conditions—praise that may be warm and yet self-respecting and enthusiastic, and yet noble; and flattery that is sure to be vile. Again, to take another test—praise which has reference to any good it may do ourselves, praise that means so much coin paid down for so much personal advantage to follow—that praise, too, however real in substance and well deserved by the object, is flattery in its essence, and as such unworthy the utterance of honest lips. But the hearty praise of a candid soul, touched by the worth or the work of the person lauded—that ingenious outburst of admiration which implies a certain amount of self depreciation, and a certain quality of ignorance, inasmuch as it assumes that no such height has been possible to him who praises, no such nobleness or intellect has been familiar to his world—that is not flattery, however juicy the brush with which the garish colors are laid on, however strong the phrases in which the overdue admiration is expressed. It is not flattery—although it may go beyond the absolute truth so far as the worth of the thing praised is concerned—because it is true to the person speaking.

WE sometimes knuckle readily to difficulties, and take complacence in our serene submission to Providence, when a little more pluck and persistence on our part would overcome the obstacles. We mistake laziness for Christian resignation.

SANCTUM CHAT.

IN Stockholm and other Swedish cities, the police now arrest men who are accustomed to annoy and insult women in the streets and places of public resort. Such offenders are made to pay a fine of twenty-five kroner—about seven dollars—and their name, residence and profession are published in all the journals, under the head of "Disturbers of the Peace of Women."

A SINGULAR freak of nature is shown in a marble mantel at the Cincinnati Exhibition. In one of the onyx pilasters are seen the outlines of a woman's form, produced ages ago, when the marble first assumed its growth and consistence. Its discovery was the result of an accident. One of the workmen turned the pilaster upside down, and the strange beauty of the features of the face at once attracted his attention. His employers were summoned, and the pilaster reversed is now the chief ornament of the mantel.

ON the great mail routes in England the railroad trains are run very rapidly, and they take in and throw out the letter-bags without stopping as they fly along at the rate of fifty miles an hour. They pause only at the principal towns upon their way. Anywhere within the three kingdoms a letter of ounce weight goes for a penny, and the terms are very cheap for other mailable matter. The penny rate includes the entire cost of service in the transportation and delivery, not only in the large towns, as in this country, but also in the smaller towns and villages, and rural districts. There is no cottage so remote or so retired that the letter-carrier does not reach it.

THE London World gives the following as the description of a dress which was observed upon a Berkshire lady at a garden party: "The upper portion, or body, which extended without change of substance to very nearly the knee, was composed of a coarse-knitted pink silk jersey, cut into the figure, and fitting it like the very tightest of eel skins. The skirt was short; cashmere of the same color, kilted in folds, and apparently fastened on to the top part by a draped scarf, with long ends, which was made of the same material as the body. As this last was laced up at the left side, and as the fair wearer kept her arm determinedly over the eyelet-holes, large sums of money were wagered as to the method by which she had managed to get into her dress, which, notwithstanding its eccentricity, was certainly very effective and becoming. It is to be hoped, however, says the World, that before rashly adopting a costume of this order the virtuous British matron will seek the advice of some candid and unprejudiced female friend; for upon anything but a sylph-like figure the effect would be ridiculous.

THE London *Truth* states that a French woman went to Guy's Hospital, London, and offered a round sum for the privilege of marrying a dying man. Her name is Elanie de Panard, a descendant of Beranger's famous rival in poetry. She was left a fortune of $20,000 by her uncle, a baker in one of the less fashionable boulevards. The money will not be hers until she marries, and as no eligible young man appears, she has been driven to the expedient of marrying a dying man. To that end her friends have applied to several Paris hospitals, but the authorities would not hear of such a death-bed mockery. The case was then presented to the surgeon at Guy's, who was informed that if the dying man was a widower with children, they would be provided for. The offer was refused.

GOOD Americans when they die go to Paris, but good Mohammedans while they are living make it a point to go to Mecca, if their means permit them to eke out but one meal a day on the journey. This year, it is rumored, the road threatens to be environed with more than ordinary perils, several tribes of Northern Arabs having risen in insurrection against the Porte, and sworn to block the way. The escort has been strengthened in consequence, and two battallions of infantry and several cannon have been placed at the disposal of the chief of the caravan. This is the first time in history that the sacred mules laden with the gold broidered curtain and the sumptuous gifts of the Padishah have had to amble to the tomb of the Prophet under the convoy of bombardiers. If the Prophet were only alive, and in his old form, it would be bad for these Northern Arabs.

NOWHERE is the system of peasant proprietorship more completely carried out than in Sweden. Over the cultivators of soil are educated men, not only in school learning, but also in the art of local and imperial self-government. Each commune manages its own affairs by an elected council. Each province in similar fashion governs itself. In addition to the local and provincial franchise every rate payer has a vote for the national Parliament, and the conditions of eligibility for representation are so easy that a considerable number of the delegates are of the peasant class. An income of $225 a year suffices for the Lower Chamber, and even in the Upper Chamber an income of $1,125 only is required. But this higher body is elected by the Provincial Councils, and thus a salutary check is placed on what would be otherwise a too Democratic system. The people not only have a share in the local and imperial administration, but they also fulfil certain judicial functions.

BABYMANIA has been very fashionable this yerr. The English word "nursery" has been imported, and it is considered the thing to have scales fixed up in the room for the purpose of weighing the young folks. The mothers, according to the Parisian, bet on their own babies. This is all very well. It shows that those are in the wrong who pretend that family life is disappearing. The introduction of the word "nursery," and more especially of the thing corresponding to it, is a bad sign. In the old days mothers did not banish their children from their sight, and have them brought out of distant rooms merely to show visitors. M. Leon Duprat reminds his countrymen in La Presse that they have just arrived at the point where they were a hundred years ago, when Rousseau in his "Emile," reminded mothers that they owed absolute abnegation to their children. Those were the days when, as now, children were regarded by the "belles mondaines" as pretty toys, coming in between their favorite parrot and their lap dog. One of them said with candid sincerity: "I like children because they look so well in the front of a carriage." Rousseau's stern preaching caused astonishment at first, but it led to a reaction which was profound and durable. It became the fashion for mothers to suckle their children, and to be proud to devote their lives to them. Since the Second Empire fashion of relegating them to the care of nurses has set in, and still continues. "The nursery" is the last thing in "high tone."

THE gala dinner which was a short time ago given by the Emperor of Austria in honor of Prince Nikita, of Montenegro, was altogether an out of-the way affair. The table, which was horseshoe shaped, bore covers for twenty-six guests, and the dinner service was of solid gold, the centrepieces being well known antique works of art, portraying different events which have taken place in the Empire. Some of these groups were of considerable age, having belonged to the Imperial Hapsburgs for centuries. Prince Nikita wore a gorgeous Montenegrin dress, and was quite unapproachable from the small arsenal of knives, daggers and chased pistols stuck in his belt; while on the Emperor's left stood his Majesty's trusted friend and Chancellor, Andrassy. The meal itself barely lasted an hour, few dishes being the fashion at Austrian court dinners, but each dish is a masterpiece of cookery. After dinner the Emperor stood about chatting and smoking with his guests for half an hour, when a general move was made toward the park. Franz Joseph whispered some words to his equerry, who disappeared for a few moments. A very handsome landau, drawn by a superb pair of seventeen-hand thoroughbreds soon made its appearance from the direction of the stables. As they swept past the distinguished party, Prince Nikita remarked that harness and panels bore the arms of Montenegro, whereupon the Emperor informed his guest that the turnout was intended as a surprise for him, and begged him to accept it as a souvenir of his visit to Vienna. With sparkling eye and cordial shake of both hands Prince Nikita thanked his august entertainer for the delicate attention. The Emperor took leave of his guests at half-past seven, at the foot of the white staircase, and a court carriage carried off Prince Nikita to the Bourg.

THE following, from a leading London paper, will surprise many concerning the English aristocracy: Old-fashioned people marvel much at the homage paid to the professional beauties in society. If one of them stays at the house of a lion-hunting old peer she is taken in to dinner by her host, in precedence of ladies of far superior rank. Her wishes are law as to the arrangements and amusements of the whole party, and everything is made subservient to her whims. She generally has a little court of ladies and gentlemen in waiting; and, if you invite her to your house, you must ask some of these to meet her, or she will be bored and sulky. When you have succeeded in persuading a beauty to stay with you, you must be prepared to take the consequences. Her will must be yours. You will be lucky if her favorite amusement is simply to pose herself in graceful attitude, and look beautiful. If less interesting, the statuesque beauty is far preferable as a guest to the lively beauty. The latter, when in a playful humor is apt to become overpowering. She exhibits her light-heartedness by cramming pieces of ice inside gentlemen's shirt collars, and by throwing glasses of champagne at an admirer on the opposite side of the table. She hurls peaches, which have cost you a shilling apiece, at the heads of her friends, scrambles with her neighbor at the table, and breaks one of your best dessert dishes. But you must not mind; this is merely the little fee of the great professional. She proposes a ride, and astonishes the inhabitants of your well conducted and quiet village by riding one of your horses through it at full gallop, accompanied by her court, whom she compels to ride at the same pace. She volunteers to drive your phaeton or tour-in-hand, and will think it a good joke to drive into somebody or something, and if she smashes your carriage, it is all done in fun, and she expresses herself as so thankful that "nobody was hurt." When you are sitting with your men friends after dinner, you will probably congratulate yourself upon your temporary respite from the pleasantries of your pretty guest, but perhaps you would scarcely feel so satisfied if you were aware that she was at that moment engaged in paying private visits to the rooms of each of your male visitors, making an apple-pie bed for one, pomading the sponge of another, sewing up the night-shirt of a third, peppering the pillows of a fourth, and so on.

LOVE AND TIME.

BY E. L. S.

The archer-boy went forth one day,
Heart shooting, towards the north, they say,
Though some say south, some east, some west—
Few know the points he likes the best:
But very likely 'twill be found
Love took the wide world in his round:
Where'er he went 'twas all the same,
Earth was his covert filled with game—
Male hearts, most easy to be got at,
And females, eager to be shot at.

Of all days in the year, the day,
We speak of was the First of May,
Which all the world declare, with reason,
The opening of Love's shooting season,
When every blessed thing of life
And Nature's heart with joy is rife;
So there was nothing else to do,
But shoot ahead the whole day through,
And bag the spoils of Love's *battue*.

Returning home from his excursion,
Pleased with his opening day's diversion,
Love saw an old man pass the way
Who on his path refused to stay;
'Twas Time, who never stops his flight
For gods or men, by day or night:
At him the boy let fly a shaft,
The last of all his quiver left,
Which the old scythe-man deftly parried
With the well-tempered blade he carried,
Crying out, "Sad boy, you do not know
The difference 'twixt friend and foe.

Muriel's Vow.

BY H. C

"SHE is a finished coquette," said Cyril Davenant, carelessly.

"She is the prettiest girl in the room," his friend rejoined.

"Lovely or hideous, as a coquette she is objectionable."

"Let me introduce you to her, Davenant."

As the two young men sauntered across the hall, two girls rose from the settee behind the heavy velvet curtains, and looked at each other.

"Disgusting!—conceited!—horrors!" said Muriel Silvester, energetically.

"How differently he would have spoken had he known you were so near," Clara Meadows laughed, merrily. "He is going to be introduced, you see. You will have it in your power to retaliate."

"I will humble that man, or never speak to another!" Muriel breathed, with her lips firmly resolute, and a bright gleam in her beautiful eyes.

"What a fearful vow! Take care, Muriel. Mr. Davenant is desperately handsome, you know, and fascinating. I've been told."

"I've been told I am fascinating," said lovely Muriel, calmly. "If I am fascinating enough to win that man's heart, Clara, I will do it, and teach him his lesson afterwards."

Then she picked up her fan and bouquet, and three minutes later in the ball room Jack Milton was introducing her to "My friend, Mr. Davenant."

They made themselves rather a remarkable couple as the days went on, Cyril Davenant and lovely Miss Silvester. Staying in the same set, as it were, in the same hotel, at the seaside place where amusement was the only thing to be planned and thought of, they could be as much together as they chose, and it seemed to one or two lookers-on that Muriel chose it a good deal.

"She is a bigger flirt than I thought her," Cyril decided, sitting by her side one morning, on the pier; and then, as the sun caught the wavy yellow of her hair, and her bewildering laughing eyes flashed round into his, he went a little farther, and finished, "and prettier, too, than I had any idea."

"A liberal bid for your thoughts, Mr. Davenant," Muriel cried, in her saucy, sweet voice. "If they were about me, I will give you more, as I am sure of their being worth it."

"They were about you, but I prefer to keep them," he said, slowly, looking at her as he spoke.

"Even if I condescend to beg for them?" she said.

"Even under such very improbable circumstances."

"Perhaps you will regret your unkindness some day," she smiled, glancing down, and playing with her parasol.

"I might, perhaps, if I were not so certain that any unkindness of mine could only be a matter of indifference to you."

"Are you certain of that?"—very low, as the violet eyes were raised for the briefest, sweetest second.

"Have I not good reason to be?"

"We are going for a sail." She changed the subject suddenly, in a fickleness that piqued her companion. "You may come, too, if you like. Would you like?"

"It depends. Give me the catalogue of the party."

"Miss Meadows, Mrs. Foster, Major Lister, Mr. Milton, and myself."

"And yourself. Thanks, very much; I can't manage it very well this morning. Perhaps next time you give me so kind an invitation——"

"You shall congratulate yourself on obtaining it!" she interrupted, with an angry flash in her pretty eyes.

"I'm sure I shall. You will enjoy your sail, I think, the water is as calm as you are this morning;" leaning over the side to scan the broad boundlessness of sunlighted liquid blue; ere, lazily strolling to join a friend at the farther end of the pier."

"How are you getting on?" merry Clara asked Muriel, with meaning in her tone, during the sail.

"I am not getting on," Muriel said, with a sudden hardness coming over her soft, dimpled prettiness. "But I repeat my vow again all the same."

One sweet, cool afternoon soon afterwards, a riding party was arranged for a long excursion over the downs.

Miss Silvester had been its proposer and arranger, and with great tact and determination had excluded Mr. Davenant from her invitations; but half an hour before the start was made, Jack Milton, espying his friend passing slowly down the parade, hailed him thus: "Order your horse round, and join us, Davenant. We are just off for a canter across the downs. You've nothing better to do, by the look of you."

"Nothing," agreed Cyril, throwing away his cigar, and glancing upwards to the bright faces on the balcony. "May I come?"

His eyes rested on Muriel's as he spoke.

They met his steadily; yet here was the only voice that failed to join in the chorus of "Oh, do!" "Yes, by all means!" "We shall be delighted!"

She said never a word; and half-an-hour later, when the horses were at the door, and their riders mounting, Miss Silvester came tripping down-stairs in her pretty morning dress, and said, with a laugh, "I hope you will all have an intensely delicious ride and a perfectly safe return."

"Hope we shall!! Why, Muriel, aren't you coming? Miss Silvester, why are you not ready?"

"I am not coming. I don't feel inclined," she said, looking wondrously bewitching as she stood smiling there with the winds fluttering about her golden hair, and the long, crisp folds of her dress.

"But why? Have you a headache? Is it too hot or too far?"

They plied her with questions.

"I haven't a suspicion of headache, thanks; and you know I never mind heat or distance. If you really want to know," addressing Clara Meadows, but letting her blue eyes flash for one moment straight to Davenant's, "the party isn't just what I imagined it would be, and so I don't care to come."

She stood there—a bright sweet figure, framed in the doorway and colored by the sun, smiling and waving her hand till the riders were almost out of sight. Then she searched for her shady hat and a book, and wending her way to the hotel garden, ensconced herself under the lime-trees on the soft, cool grass.

"This is luxury!" she said aloud to herself, leaning back, and loosening her hair, as she lazily watched the flickering, murmuring leaves.

"So it is," responded a voice, cool and satisfied. "Don't move, Miss Silvester; there is plenty of room for me, thanks."

She turned, her pretty face three shades deeper in hue than it had been a moment ago.

"Mr Davenant, why have you left the riding-party?"

"It was not just what I imagined it would be, so I found I did not care for it," he answered, calmly.

And she rose, crimsoning deeper, and picking up her hat.

"Oh, don't go; please don't!" he pleaded, laying a detaining hand on her hat's riband. "You had settled yourself here for all the afternoon, I know."

"But it is not just what I imagined it would be, so I do not care for it now," she retorted, stifling a laugh with an effort.

"Don't be so cruel. It was so charmingly shady there; why are you dragging me out into this broiling sun?" he murmured, rising slowly as she and her hat swept away.

"I have no wish to drag you into shade or sun. I should infinitely prefer your choosing your own path."

"Come for a little row; there's a breeze on the water."

"The breeze would be pleasant but might fail to compensate for the other unpleasantness."

"Am I an unpleasantness?" he queried, negligently. "I never looked at myself in that light before. Go back to your lime tree's shade, Miss Silvester; I won't come and bore you there, if you really cannot find enough charity in your heart to tolerate me."

"I will play you at croquet, if you like," she said suddenly picking up one of the strewn about mallets, and facing him in the knowledge of how thoroughly he, like most other men, hated the game.

"Will you, really?" he accepted promptly possessing himself of the next mallet. "It is a game I have a contempt for; but, under the circumstances——"

He did not finish the sentence, except by a long, meaning look; and she struck her ball sharply as she answered, "Under the circumstances, I will beat you thoroughly, and perhaps, if victory should make me generous, you will like to accept a little charity at my hands afterwards."

"Naturally, I shall like to accept anything at your hands; but how if the table should be turned, Miss Silvester?"

It was a hard-fought, lengthy game, and when, at last, Muriel wrested the victory, she was tired enough to sink gladly under the disputed lime-tree.

"I claim the charity you promised," said Cyril, lazily stretching by her side; "and will exert myself, in gratitude, to be agreeable."

It was a faculty that came with ease to him. Listening to his rich, varied toned voice, yielding to the spell of his courteous grace, meeting his handsome, speechful eyes, and burying the hatchet momentarily, time passed very much quicker than Muriel dreamed, and she started indeed when the clatter of horses' hoofs heralded the ring of the excursionists' voices into the fragrant, grassy garden.

"Oh, ye defaulters, there was method in your peculiarities, after all!" Jack Milton cried, in a meaning tone, that irritated Muriel sadly.

But, to avert the storm, Clara burst forth "Such a piece of news for you, Muriel. Guess to whom pretty Miss Fenton is engaged?"

"To a somebody renowned for ugliness. Beauties always make that choice," Cyril spoke from his lounging seat, with his hands clasped restfully behind his head.

"To that hideous Captain Brown, Muriel. Can you imagine how she could?"

"Indeed, I cannot," said Muriel, with energy. "I do not know how anyone could marry a man as ugly as he?"

"Poor plain men!" sighed Milton, who was good-looking. "Could no circumstances induce you to take pity on one, Miss Silvester?"

"None," she laughed, determinedly. "It sounds dreadful, but I do not believe I ever could care for any person who was not nice-looking."

She looked up as she spoke, and meeting Cyril Davenant's eyes full, could have bitten her tongue for her thoughtless words. Then she crimsomed deeply, and the standers-by laughed.

* * * * *

"Are you ill, Mr. Davenant?" Muriel asked, coming suddenly into the deserted drawing-room, and seeing the tall figure stretched on the couch, and the handsome face white and drawn with pain.

"It is only my old enemy, neuralgia," he replied, quietly. "It fixes its grip on my eyes and forehead once in a while, and gives me more trouble than you would believe possible. I shall be all right presently, I dare say."

"I know what it is," the girl said, coming close to him, and speaking softly and more kindly than he had ever before heard her. "I used to have it myself, and my brother suffers fearfully often. Eau de Cologne will relieve it sometimes. Let me bathe your forehead a little."

Unheeding his protestations, she gently left the room, and presently over his agony floated a soft, sweet touch, soothing the pain and stilling the throbbing that is nearly akin to madness.

Then, sitting close beside him, as if they were the best friends in the world, she talked on in her low, pretty voice about anything or everything that was pleasant and interesting, bathing his forehead ever and again as she did so, and rousing him by her sensible, clever conversation from the thought of his pain.

No one else came near them all that afternoon.

In the shaded, large room nurse and invalid spent the hours pleasantly—to one, at least; and never asking him if he were better, but judging from his face, Muriel went to the piano after a time.

Cyril had often entreated her to sing; she had as often steadily refused him. She sang song after song now, without her notes, in her sweet, touching voice; and he laid and listened, never taking his eyes from the lovely figure in its drooping, unconscious grace, and the fair masses of hair that were piled on the head he generally saw held so proudly and disdainfully.

Only when the gong sounded, and voices filed into the hall, she rose hastily, and came towards him.

"I must go and dress now. You will be quite well to-morrow, I hope."

"I do not thank you," he said, only moving to let his eyes meet hers; "but I devoutly trust I shall have neuralgia again when you are likely to be by!"

Cyril was nearly well the following day, and he and Miss Silvester were quarreling.

Now and again Cyril would flirt desperately with some new arrival or taking girl, and ignore Muriel, or treat her with neglect and what would in any other man have been unbearable rudeness; now and again Muriel would do the same by him; but curiously enough, part of the arrangement was that never did the two have such flirtations at the same time. When Cyril flirted, Muriel was disengaged and watching; when Muriel deigned to flirt, Cyril was hovering around her and spoiling sport, as Milton phrased it.

Davenant had been carrying on a marked flirtation for some days with a girl older than Muriel, and handsome, in a dark, bold loud way. He had taken her on the water; had strolled with her on the pier, and sat by her on the beach; had hung over her singing, and danced with her or with no one in the waltzes that were got up in the drawing-room each evening. She was not a nice girl either in dress, style, or manner.

"Deuced bad form," pronounced Milton, wondering at his friend's infatuation. "How in the world can you hang about her when Miss Silvester is by?"

"Don't name them together!" returned Davenant, curtly, knocking out the ashes of his pipe.

"Then, my dear fellow, why——"

"Why, when we can't get the thing we want, do we pretend to prefer the thing we don't care about? Nay, Milton, it will take a wiser head than mine to explain that weakness of human nature."

Muriel sat in the ball-room that evening, and refused partners in a rather snubbing manner, that by and-by cleared her of their importunities.

She was quite alone in the window when Davenant entered from the garden, and half passed her, then carelessly paused.

"You and I have not danced together for a long time, Miss Silvester. Will you have one little turn?"

She rose, and made him a sweeping, mocking curtsey.

"How I regret being unable to accept such kind condescension! To what am I indebted for it, Mr. Davenant?"

"To the idea that you were looking a little lonely and deserted, perhaps."

"How nice of you to have that idea! Miss Paget is looking pretty much the same isn't she?"—with a glance across at her dark rival. "Won't you pass your obliging offer on to her?"

"Ah, I thought she was engaged!" he said, eagerly, and crossed the room without delay.

Muriel watched Miss Paget's smile, and watched the handsome couple floating into the crowd.

Dressed for dinner next day, Muriel sauntered into the garden to while away the time till the gong should sound. She stood on the lawn near that lime-tree, such a picture of unconscious loveliness in her sable, sweeping velvet folds, and billows of snowy lace at throat and elbows to soften their sombre heaviness; with her hair glistering and waving, and her sweet eyes thoughtfully downcast.

Only to while away the time, she plucked to pieces petal by petal the flower she held in her hand; and, perhaps, it was to while away the time that slow, pearly tears fell one by one as she thought, not uttered, "He loves me—not!"

"Try it for me," whispered a voice, and two strong hands closed over hers, and continued the flower's destruction. "He loves me—he loves me not—he loves me!"

Muriel fluttered a frightened, quivering glance into the dark eyes bending so near her own; then she snatched her hands from his grasp, and pressed them over her face.

"Will you listen to his love, Muriel? May he owe the stubborn pride and folly that has striven by cowardly deception and wilful mistakes to hide it from himself and others, and conquer what has conquered himself instead, wholly and irretrievably? Will you know how thoroughly your sweet witchery has vanquished alike will, pride, and folly; and that, wearied of the useless conflict, and beaten, he throws himself on your mercy now, and sues for pardon for the past, and—what for the future, Muriel?"

She did not speak; but she was trembling still, and he fancied he heard her sob.

"It is love for the future, Muriel, isn't it?—it is that my darling as my cherished, honored wife, will perfect the lesson these summer days have taught me?"

Then she freed herself slowly from his encircling arm; and, dropping her hands, showed her face, bright, triumphant, and laughing.

"I" is that the girl you called a coquette, Mr. Davenant, has proved your words, and taught you a lesson she hopes will do you good. She vowed to humble you; she vowed to teach you the thing you own to have learned; and has spared no pains to gain the reward she has heard to-day. She congratulates herself on her success; and says 'No, thank you,' to your proposition of perfecting the lesson. It is perfect enough for me now, thank you, sir."

She did not watch his face as her smiling, bright lips uttered her cruel words, and she did not see how the white, strained pain grew with each one she spoke; but she started when his voice fell upon her ear again, and glanced up then in half repentance.

"May you never know the full bitterness of the lesson you have so thoroughly taught, Miss Silvester! I do not say it is altogether undeserved; but you cannot guage the pain you have inflicted, or you would not laugh at it just now."

"I beg your pardon," she faltered, really not knowing what she said; and he smiled.

"It is yours, as is everything else in my power to give. It is not likely that you can ever stand in need of service of mine, but if you should, will you remember those words?"

She had not expected that quiet, altered voice. She had not expected to find her hand reverently pressed to his lips, and his eyes, sad, reproachful, and embarrassing, speaking the mute farewell here could not answer. She had not expected that he would stride quietly away without another word; and less than all had she expected that she would creep up-stairs, and, locking herself in her own room, burst into a passion of tears.

As Cyril Davenant returned from a long solitary walk on the cliffs that night he was followed at some little distance by two young men with loud voices and much conversation. They were criticising, in a manner more free than gentlemanly, many lady acquaintances, and amongst them some names that Cyril knew, but their coarse jokes fell on his ears unheeded until, suddenly, one included Muriel Silvester. He stopped abruptly then, and faced them.

"You will oblige me by refraining from such use of that lady's name; she is a friend of mine!" he said, haughtily.

They set up a hoarse laugh, that had more of wine in it than mirth, and the one more vulgar than the other instantly mentioned Muriel's name again in a more unbearable way than at first.

"Repeat that, and I knock you down!" Davenant said quietly.

"Do you, truly, my fine fellow?" the young man sneered, and forthwith repeated his joke with a something coarser attached; and, as he uttered his last word, fell prone on the ground.

Jumping up, with an oath, he rushed on to a furious attack. His comrade volunteered assistance, and, strong as Cyril was, he had almost his match in the two. Inch by inch, and blow by blow, his cool science, however, was gaining the advantage, and neither of the three, in their heat, noticed that the struggle was drawing gradually nearer and nearer the cliff's edge.

One last terrific blow, that felled his first opponent, and laid him stunned, and Davenant's foot slipped.

No cry, only a crashing, sickening fall, and the horrified remaining combatant saw nothing when he peered over the cliff but the rocks and stones in their vast distance below.

* * * * * *

"No such party as this has entered these paths for fifty years," said Mr. Norman, opening the gates of his woods for Miss Silvester's horse to pass through first, and the rest of the merry number behind.

"What a sweet little cottage! Whose is it?" asked Muriel, as they passed a pretty building in the heart of the wood.

"My keeper's. I had the greatest trouble to get one to live in it until a year or two ago. Each declared that it was too many miles from sight or sound of anything for a human habitation, until I met with this man, and it's privacy it was that tempted him."

"He must be unsociable. Does he live there all alone?"

"Entirely so. He is rather a remarkable specimen, Miss Silvester. I should like you to see him. He is about as ugly as a man well can be, and yet there is a something attractive about him. I found him reading Goethe in the original the other day, and that convinced me of what his tone and style had declared to me before—that he has been far above his present station. Speak of the ——. Here he comes."

"I shall like to behold the romantic gentleman," said Muriel, lightly bending forward as the fine, stalwart figure came in sight.

As he passed her horse closely, she saw that he was slightly lame, and that his face, from the heavy, dark beard upwards, was covered with disfiguring scars.

"He must have been in some accident," she said; but, low as she spoke, the tone or the words caught the man's ear, and he glanced up.

Just for a fraction of a second his eyes, dark and piercing, and very beautiful, caught her own blue ones full; then he strode on the quicker for the glance, and Muriel, with a gasping, shivering sob, reeled, and clutched at her saddle for support.

"Did Brown startle you?" asked Mr. Norman, in solicitude. "Those scars of his are very frightful, certainly."

"Do you know how he got them?"

Muriel tried to steady her shaking voice.

"Through some accident, he told me; but he did not volunteer, and I did not like to ask particulars."

It was three days later before Miss Silvester could obtain possession of the little pony-carriage, and drive to the woods.

At the gate of the bridle path through which she had ridden with Mr Norman she alighted, and tied the pony securely, then losing some of her pretty color, and hesitating, walked slowly through, and down the mossy, fern-bordered path.

Thinking too deeply to heed her footsteps, she had not got half the distance she wanted to traverse, when interlacing brambles caught her foot, and she fell, and jumping up heedlessly, with a exclamation at her carelessness, found that she had sprained her ankle.

She tried to walk, and couldn't; and minutes seemed hours, though it was a pleasant seat enough on the dry moss with the trees protecting her from the sun, and the birds singing among the branches.

Suddenly other whistling sounds mingled with that of the birds—a man's, soft, and low, and evidently nearing; and at the sound the blood rushed in a wild torrent from Miss Silvester's face to her heart, for she recognised a tune she had herself composed, and had sung to Cyril Davenant on that summer afternoon so long ago, when she had bathed his forehead.

The whistler came upon the young lady suddenly, and she saw, even through his scars how his face had changed, as, raising his hat, he would have passed her; but a something in her eyes brought him to a halt.

"Have you—are you hurt, madam?" he stammered, in his unwilling pause.

"I have sprained my foot very badly," she answered, as soon as she could coax a kind of voice from somewhere. "I am trying to get to my carriage at the hand-gate, but really cannot manage it."

"May I be allowed to help you?"

His voice was calm and cold; and, except in the refinement of its intonation, just such a one as any ordinary gamekeeper would use to a lady he recognised as his master's guest.

Muriel took his offered arm, and limped along by his side as long as she could bear it; but he saw her lips blanching, and put her gently on the ground just in time.

"If you would deign—if you would permit me to carry you?" He made the proposition. "It is not very far to the gate now."

"No, no! I could not think of it!" she cried; and mistaking her reason, he colored haughtily.

"Pardon my presumption, but I see no other method of obtaining quickly the medical attention I am confident you require. The carriage cannot be brought nearer. Will you remain here while I fetch other assistance?"

"You would be very long?"

"Necessarily some time; there is no house near."—coldly.

"If you are sure I should not be too heavy,"—then she falteringly turned, with a sweet, fitful color in her lovely face, and a strange, soft consciousness in the starry eyes—"and would really be so good as to carry me, I—I—should thank you very much."

He stooped and raised her without another word—tenderly and carefully, as if she were some precious specimen of breakable porcelain, and never uttered a word as he strode with his burden under the drooping trees; but she was very pale and agitated as he placed her gently in the carriage, and said, "You will let me drive you, perhaps?"

"Yes, Mr. Davenant," she said softly.

He turned his face away in a sudden start, and for some moments there was silence as the pony dashed forward; then said the gamekeeper's low, hoarse voice. "You mistake, Miss Silvester. Cyril Davenant died long ago."

"He cruelly wished his friends to believe such misery, but I, for one, never did. I—I ——"

"You were his friend?"

"Oh, don't, please!" She covered her face with her hands again in the old way as the tears welled up. "You would not reproach me now if you knew how bitterly I have repented, how unceasingly I have suffered since that day years ago! I was mad, and heartless, and false! I came here today on the chance of seeing you, and asking your forgiveness. Mr Davenant, can you, will you, pardon me?"

She put one little, pleading, timid hand on his as she spoke, and through her tears her glance sought his, but he would not meet it; and shook off her touch, not in anger, but pain.

"It is over long ago that old life. I tell you, Cyril Davenant died, and it was another man that rose, maimed and hideous, from the crushing rocks. Look me steadily in the face, Miss Silvester, if your nerves can bear it," he went on, bitterly, "and tell me what resemblance you see to the man you flirted and trifled with many summers ago."

Blushing deeply, she obeyed him, and a something in her straight sweet gaze made his heart beat suddenly.

"I see the same man that told me that whatever he possessed should be mine, whenever I cared to ask for it," she whispered, shyly.

"He would say that still."

"Then"—summoning all her courage for one mighty effort, and speaking in hurried gasps, with her face hidden—"at the risk of thinking me forward, and bold, and unmaidenly, I ask him again for the words he spoke to me that summer's afternoon."

There was a long time when only the pony's hoofs fell sharply on the stillness, and Muriel's face was still hidden; then Davenant's voice broke the silence bitterly.

"If you insist, you shall have for your pleasure my crowning humiliation. The words you laughed at when Cyril Davenant uttered them, you shall hear again from the man who fondly hoped he had hidden his wrecked life from the world that knew him as he used to be. In full remembrance of these words of yours, Miss Silvester—'I never could care for any person not nice-looking.'—I ask you to give me back the love that, having learnt once, must be a thing of ever with me? You do not wish to degrade me further, do you?"

"Could I degrade the man I love?" she cried, passionately then, and stooping, pressed her lips wildly again and again on the scared hand holding the reins—"the man I loved with every fibre of my heart on that very day when I said those stupid words which you so cruelly remember; the man whose changed face is handsomer in my eyes than even in the old beauty lost for my sake; the face I love, I tell you again, deeper than ever you loved mine. Cyril, won't you believe me?"

Soft and low she breathed the coaxing words, and the reins fell, and and the quiet pony stopped, as, taking the pleading, beautiful face in both his hands, he gazed at it long and earnestly.

"May I believe?" under his breath.

"For pity's sake—for my sake, Cyril!"

People said Miss Silvester's marriage was quite a romance; and some people called Cyril Davenant a fool for the past, and others a lucky dog for the future. Only Clara Meadows and Jack Milton, an engaged couple themselves, knew just how much Muriel's vow had had to do with the state of affairs inexplicable to many lookers-on.

LIFE IN EXILE.

THE Paris correspondent of the London News succeeded in five hours' sitting, in drawing from an almost demented returned French exile an account of the life in New Caledonia, he says: In 1874 there were relaxations. Leave was given to publish a journal, which was a work of pure imagination and conjecture. Newspapers arrived at rare but regular intervals. Up to the year 1874 an embargo was placed on all but the *Figaro Gaulois Univers* and *Francais*, in which the Communards had the gratification of finding themselves painted in the blackest colors. But after that date Republican prints were tolerated. The *Progress* was lithographed and had a circulation of 280. It dealt extensively in canards, and ingenious deductions from the news given in the European journals. When the tidings arrived of the elections of 14th October, it announced the immediate carriage through the Chambers of an Amnesty bill which would pass a sponge over all the events of 1871. A number of ignorant political convicts, who clung to the hope thus held out, were not able to bear the disappointment which followed, and committed suicide. In others, the revulsion of feeling brought on acute fits of home-sickness and the depression coming with it.

A theatre was then licensed, and it was patronized by the officers and their wives. The dramatic artists were, without exception, of the male sex. A fair enough orchestra was formed by musical Communists. Instruments were fetched from Sydney, and colors for scene painting. The official ladies gave their old finery to be altered into stage costumes, and supplied rice powder and rouge to those men who shaved their faces and played feminine characters. No other device for cheating the tedium of exile, besides the theatre, ever succeeded in the Pine Tree Island. Chess demanded fixity of attention. The mind out of tune, and unable to concentrate itself, was unequal to the exertion of playing that game. A single billiard table was in the island, but it was at the Residency. The amateur actors had not the cerebral power to commit to memory dialogues new to them. They were obliged to limit their repertoire to comedies which they had learned by heart at schools. Racquets and hand-ball were led. Cards lost their charm. Men wrangled over them, and tossed their hands in each other's faces.

The convicts inhabited a central plateau of the island, the soil of which is merely superficial and ferruginous. When they arrived they were each given a knife and a hatchet and told to construct huts for themselves. This they did by going into the primeval woods and cutting down saplings with which they made the frame-work of their cabins. Boughs were twisted in between and covered with plaster of mud and chopped couch-grass. A hut so built was assigned to two men. In the Ile des Pins there were upward of 4 000 men confined in an area of a league in circumference, and the only women in the island were married to officers and functionaries.

Men herding together, and removed from all feminine influence, become snarling misanthropes. They do not go to the trouble to hide their native roughness, and become objects of mutual disgust and aversion. In long sea-voyages naval officers of gentlemanly breeding fall out and snap at one another. At Pine Tree Island the male convict's greatest happiness was to be alone. When rainy weather forced the chums to remain under the insufficient shelter of their huts, they sat with their arms folded and their heads on their chests, trying to evoke images of bygone scenes in France, or speculating on what might next happen. The man who broke the silence brought upon himself a stream of abuse. His interruption produced the effect which is experienced when one is awakened out of a pleasant dream to an unpleasant reality. Not every one who wishes was able to command happy remembrances of the past. Memory had become enfeebled, and wanted coaxing and goading to operate. When it was stimulated into working order, it was flickering and uncertain. One fine season the proscripts attempted to form *cercles*, where they were to meet and recount episodes of interest in their lives, and amusing anecdotes. But this was soon given up. When the story-teller did not break down for want of memory, he was discouraged by the inattention of his brother exiles who were brooding over their own unfortunate adventures.

I asked was there no attempt made to find a solace in gardening. They were numerous attempts. But Ceres, Flora, and Pomona loved not the island. The vegetation of the banyan was glorious. Maize grew well one year. The next year the thin stratum of soil which was spread over the iron ore and plutonic and coral formations was too much exhausted to bear anything but blades. Yams were about the only garden product that could be relied upon. A vine cutting arrived at maturity in eighteen months, but as it was never suffered by the stimulating soil and atmosphere to leave off bearing, it was used up in a few years. Water springs were scarce, and, without an exception, strongly ferruginous. To drink of them induced headache and gastric irritations. The fish was poisonous. If eaten, it gave St. Vitus' dance, and there were periods when it brought on mortal illness. It was also dangerous to bathe along the coast at the spring or vernal equinox. The bodies of those who plunged into the sea-water swelled out, tingled all over, and these symptoms were accompanied by vomitings.

WHERE WOMEN NEVER GO.—During eight hundred years no woman is known to have entered the grounds of the monastery at Camaldoli, Italy, except once, when a princess of the house of Medici, who had a great desire to behold the place, disguised herself in man's clothing and was admitted. But so stricken with remorse was she on beholding the sacred spot, that she hastened to the Pope to confess her fault, and, as a penance for it, was commanded to build a new cottage in the enclosure, which she did. This monastery is one of the few institutions of the kind suffered to remain in Italy. A recent visitor says that what are called cells are comfortable little dwellings. Each is surrounded by a wall, and has its garden, twenty feet square. A little piazza, with the trunk of a tree planed and squared for a bench as its only furniture, runs along the side of the house. Entering the door, you find yourself in a brick paved vestibule, with an empty chamber where a spring of water is flowing in a basin on the left, and the living room on the right. These consist of a study just large enough for one person to sit down, a dining and sleeping room, with the bed built into the wall in the fashion of a ship's berth. A small table, two chairs, and a cupboard complete the furnishing. Food is passed to the occupant through a hole in the outer wall, all being prepared in a common kitchen and brought to the hermit once a day. They never eat meat; and their portion of fish on all except fast days consists of six ounces of fresh, or four of salt fish.

WOMAN'S WORK.—Why should a woman be paid less for her work than a man? It cannot be because she spends less, for the extravagance of women was dwelt upon by Solomon and Jeremiah, and it is a song that had never known a rest. The reason for the difference in wages is generally found to be in the assertion that women who do not need a support or who have few responsibilities, crowd into the paid occupations. There is an inconsistency here. If she loves ease, why does she work? If she spends more how is it she needs less? The truth is that very few women work for any other reason but necessity. Here and there is one who loves independence, works for it and deserves it, and here and there is another who would rather work than forego certain luxuries and she earns them, but the majority of women work because they have responsibilities, and as a class they are most reliable, sober, and economical workers, for no woman with a family of little children gambles away their bread and butter, and no sister or daughter who is, of necessity, the bread-winner, wastes what she earns, and comes home to a sad, hungry family, bringing them empty hands and indifference to their needs. And yet a woman receives less than a man because she is supposed to need less!

M. S.

A child ten years old was recently arrested in Paris for stealing cats. He went around cat-catching after dark, and his father employed the day following in disposing of the proceeds to keepers of eating-houses. What was done with them had not been revealed.

WHATEVER IS—IS RIGHT.

BY S. R. W.

How beautiful the silvery stars,
Altho' their light may fall,
Upon the gloomy brows of men,
Weighed down by sorrow's thrall;
God formed these stars and bade them shine,
In iridescent light;
Responds us love or joy divine,
Whatever is—is right

The self-same hand that plants the sting,
Withdraws it at his will,
Tho' songs of woe or joy we sing,
His eyes are on us still.
His hand dispels the low'ring cloud,
And forms the rainbow bright,
From robes of state to death's sad shroud,
Whatever is—is right.

Then, if such loving eyes do watch,
Out every state through life
See us in ways of compliance
Or in misfortune's strife;
Oh let us trust this loving one,
Whose hand each deed doth write,
And say God's holy will be done,
Whatever is—is right.

A Second Thought.

BY A. O. H.

"YOU won't marry me, Amy?" asked Carl Levere, in beseeching, earnest tones an anxious look on his fine face.

"No, I think not—I am quite sure not," added Amy Henderson, after a second or two of hesitation.

He looked pleadingly at her.

"But why not?"

"I don't love you," replied the sixteen year old damsel, with extreme frankness.

"Amy, you are cruel."

Little Amy Henderson began to cry.

"I don't want to love you," she sobbed. "I don't know why I should get married. I'm very happy as I am. Mamma says it is time enough for a girl to talk of matrimony when she is twenty years old, and I am only sixteen."

"There," interrupted Carl, bitterly, "that will do. I looked for an ocean of deep, solemn sweetness in your heart; I find but a shallow pool, reflecting back the shadow of transient events, and that is all. Good bye, Amy; forget that I have made a fool of myself—if you can."

And he strode away, biting his lips and tearing at his long black moustache as he went.

Amy looked after him with tears in her blue eyes.

"I don't know what he means," said this little, half blossomed bud of womanhood to herself. "I'm sorry I have offended him, but I couldn't help it!"

She went back to the house for her hour of guitar practising, feeling a little bewildered, and a little regretful, just as she did when her pet greyhound ran away from her.

Just at the entrance of the laurel walk, a wild, sylvan spot that overlooked the blue gleam of a lake, Lucia Powel met Mr. Levere. Lucia had come to Edgeton to get a rich husband.

Lucia liked the ardent young Carl, and she did not like that "insignificant little mite of an Amy Henderson," and Lucia very snugly shielded behind the trees and bushes had heard every word of the declaration of love and its refusal.

"Strike while the iron is hot!" said she to herself. "There's many a heart caught in the rebound, and why not Carl Levere's?"

So she glided forward with upturned eyes showing softly beneath their long lashes.

"Mr Levere, you are sad, and you look troubled," she murmured sympathetically.

"Troubled!" he echoed, moodily. "There's not much in the world but trouble!"

"And you say that?" cried Lucia. "You! Now I, who am only a woman, might utter it with reason."

Carl looked into her dark face.

Strange that he never before knew how beautiful she was.

"Will you take my arm down this steep hill," said he, "and tell me what you mean by those last words?"

Lucia knew how to avail herself of the golden tide of opportunity.

Carl Levere was just in the mood when a man wants relief from himself.

The upshot of it was that he invited her to go out on the lake after sunset.

"Don't ask me if there is any one else you prefer," sighed Lucia. "I am accustomed to put myself in a secondary position."

"There's no one I would prefer to you," said Carl, slowly; "no one; at least, now!"

* * * * * *

"Not engaged!" cried Amy Henderson, dropping her croquet mallet. "Carl Levere engaged! I don't believe a word of it!"

"I saw the ring myself on Lucia Powel's finger," said Mrs. Shandie. "She's told me; she's proud of it and well she may be, for Mr Levere is, by all odds, the finest young fellow at Edgeton this season."

Amy gave her ball a thump with the mallet, not in the least knowing what she was about.

She went home and looked into the mirror.

"Yes," she said to herself, "I thought so! I'm only a little insignificant creature, with pale cheeks, senseless blue eyes, and hair like flax. Miss Lucia Powel has eyes like black stars, and the height of a queen. She is worth loving, but I didn't think Carl would have forgotten me so soon."

And then Amy began to cry—she did not quite know why.

Of course the contemplated nuptials of the wealthy Carl and the beauty of the season made plenty of gossip and sensation

It found its way into the papers, no one knew how—except, perhaps, Miss Lucia.

Carl was indignant enough, but Lucia only laughed.

"Never mind, dear Carl," she said. "People will talk, and, after all, they don't mean any harm."

But one beautiful September morning Miss Powel's seat at the breakfast table was vacant; and scarcely had that fact been observed when some one cried out—

"Why, Major Dace is gone, too!"

Undeniably, it was awkward for the bridegroom elect.

Still more so when a note—sent from the nearest post office—gave him to understand that the lovely Lucia had given back her heart to the major, an ancient suitor of hers, who had recently fallen heir to a large fortune.

The note was prettily worded; it conveyed sentimental regrets to Mr. Levere that the future they had contemplated so sanguinely could never be realised, and prayers for pardon in the name of love.

Carl set his teeth together, but made no comment.

He took his fate as it was dealt out to him.

Nay, perhaps in his inmost heart he felt some thrill of relief that he was for ever separated from Lucia Powel, for he had some time since made the discovery that he did not love her as a man should love the woman he intends to marry.

He sat thinking of these things, his head resting on his hand.

As it chanced, he was sitting on the very same spot where, two months ago, he had met Lucia, when the laurel bushes rustled softly at his side, and Amy Henderson's melting blue eyes shone into his.

"Oh, Carl, I am so sorry—so sorry!"

And she burst out crying.

"Sorry, Amy! Nay, keep your kindly sympathy for those who need it more," he answered, somewhat bitterly. "Am I not better off by far than if she had married me? She did not love me, you see—nobody loves me!"

"That is not true, Carl."

She came nearer to him, with burning cheeks and glittering eyes.

"I love you, Carl!"

He looked up suddenly.

"Love, little one, love! You do not know the meaning of the word."

She drew back, trembling and sobbing.

"You give me my heart back then, Carl? You do not care for me?" she uttered.

"Heaven knows, darling, that you are the only person in the world for whom I ever really cared!"

"But you won't let me comfort you now. Won't you let me take her place?"

And, looking into Amy's eyes, Carl read the truth

"When I wooed you before, darling you said no," he whispered.

"But a second thought has come to me. I have grown into a woman since then, and now say yes."

So they were married, and I suppose I might add "they lived happy ever afterwards," for love is the key to all happiness, and love folded his wings above their nuptial altar

As for Lucia, she was rich, and that was all she cared for.

SAVAGE CUSTOMS.—Among the many strange customs of savage nations, not the least curious are the ceremonious observances offered by them to the wild beasts which they hunt and kill. The boldest native hunters of British India would shudder at the thought of leaving the corpse of a slain tiger till they have singed off his whiskers to the very root, without which precaution they firmly believe that the ghost of the dead monster will haunt them into their graves. In many parts of Russia the killing of a wolf is not thought complete without the cutting off of the head and right fore paw. The Lapps and Finns, whenever they kill a bear, surround the body with loud lamentations. One hunter then asks the dead beast, "Who killed thee?" and another answers, "A Russian," when all the rest exclaim in chorus, "A cruel deed, a bloody deed!" hoping by this means to divert the bear's resentment from themselves to the imaginary Russian. Skulls of brown bears, nailed to the trees by Indians in compliance with some native superstition, are often found by Canadian camping parties in the woods around Lake Simcoe, and the tribes of Northern Siberia never kill a polar bear without extracting its two largest teeth, which in their belief is the only safeguard against its coming to life again

A miner at Wellington's Station Nevada, recently found, at a depth of thirty five feet, a skull resembling in every particular that of a man's, with the exception that a horn, three inches long, grew out of either side of the head. The skull is well formed, measures seven and a half inches, with a high, broad forehead.

Bob's Failing.

BY M. B. D.

"BOB LINDSAY is a first class fellow," was the universal voice of his neighbors, "but for his one failing," they felt in conscience bound to add.

His one failing, a proneness to indulge in strong drink, had been sufficient to counterbalance all Bob's good qualities. Active, industrious and energetic he was a man gifted to make his way in the world. Indeed, many times success seemed within his grasp. But just at the critical moment, and while his friends were hopefully saying, "If he'll only hold out!" a sudden relapse would come, and a week's dissipation would squander the fruits of a month of sober industry

It was a sore trial to Mary Lindsay to see her husband the slave of a loathsome appetite. Hers was a proud as well as a loving heart; and it stung her to note the look of suppressed triumph visible on the faces of certain friends, in opposition to whose counsels she had married Bob Lindsay, in preference to rich, old, and ugly John Dodd.

Whatever of Bob's earnings had escaped the saloon, had gone to buy a neat little home, which would have been a very happy one but for the one great drawback.

Bob had given a mortgage for a portion of the purchase money, and several times had saved enough to pay it; but just then his besetting temptation would overcome him, and the money, instead of going to cancel the debt which lay like a load on Mary's heart, and hung like a shadow over her home, would be worse than wasted.

In course of time and business this mortgage came into the hands of John Dodd. From him Bob knew it would be useless to seek indulgence, even had he felt free to ask a favor of John Dodd—a humiliation at which his own, as well as Mary's, pride revolted.

With that will and earnestness which had so often before carried Bob to the verge of success and needed only perseverance to assure it, the required sum was once more accumulated.

"Yes, yes; I have the money safely enough. A few hours and we shall be able to snap our fingers at Mr. John Dodd!"

Thus said Bob to his wife on the morning that the mortgage money had to be paid.

"Oh, Robert!" anxiously cried Mary, "promise me that you will enter no tavern on your way!"

"Why, of course I won't—not on my way there; but, once the money paid, perhaps I——"

Mary shook her head somewhat doubtfully

"You may trust me this time, Mary," said Bob, with a parting kiss; and off he started

With a fervent prayer that he might not be led into temptation, Mary returned her husband's kiss, and went about her daily duties, filled with anxiety for what the day might bring forth.

Bob felt brave and strong till he came in sight of the road side tavern. Old Roan, from the force of habit, turned his head towards his accustomed halting place. Bob urged him on, and in a moment more would have been out of danger. But just then the demon of irresolution took possession of his soul.

"It's a sultry day," Bob soliloquized, "and a glass of something cool—just one—can do no harm"

Old Roan, given his head, was soon rubbing his nose in friendly recognition, against the sign post, while his master was exchanging salutations with the host within.

"Whisky cold, Mr Small," said Bob; "a pair of 'em, I mean, for I hope you'll do me the honor of your company; and you, friend," turning to a seedy looking stranger in the corner, "wont you join us?"

He of the seedy looks "didn't care if he did," and stepped forward into line without another word.

The liquor appeared and disappeared in a twinkling. Then a three-handed chat was struck up, and the grogs were several times repeated—all at Bob's expense, for there wasn't a stingy drop in his blood.

The seedy stranger made himself so pleasant, that Bob was glad to learn they were going the same road He even offered to share old Roan with his new friend on the old fashioned plan of "ride and tie," but the latter politely declined saying, as they were going only a short way together he would manage to keep up afoot; at Bob didn't ride too fast. Another round of drinks and Bob and the stranger took their departure in good humor

"Here," said the latter, when they had reached the heart of the forest where a foot path branched from the main road, "we must part, for my way is by this path"

Bob expressed his regret at the enforced separation, and was on the point of reluctantly resuming his journey, when the stranger begged him to aught for a short rest

"Here's a nice cool place among the bushes," added the stranger, "an' here's a little something for refreshment" producing a bottle from his pocket. "Our chat has been so pleasant that I'd like to enjoy half an hour more of it."

Bob was in no mood to be unsociable, and he and his companion were soon seated side by side on a log, as cosily as possible.

The stranger uncorked the bottle and handed it to Bob

"What is it?" inquired the latter.

"Brandy," the other answered.

"Health and happiness," said Bob, by way of preface to a good gulp.

A gurgling groan escaped him: the flask dropped from his hand; his throat burned as though scorched with fire; his temples throbbed; a confused buzzing filled his ears; a sense of numbness pervaded his brain, and he fell to the ground unconscious.

In a trice the stranger dragged him into a thicket, and, stripping him of his outer garments, replaced his own therewith; then, mounting Roan, rode off into the woods with Bob's clothes and money.

The robber was afraid to venture far till night set in. Then under the cover of darkness, he hurried forward, hoping before daylight to be well out of reach.

Soon a river intercepted his flight. It was swollen by recent rains, and the rapid current made its passage dangerous to those unaccustomed to the ford.

"Surely, this must be the right place," muttered the robber; "I observed it closely yesterday. Yes, this is the spot"

Poor Roan recoiled and shied, but his rider spurred him on

A headlong plunge buried horse and rider beneath the surging waters. The two came up again, but separated. With a violent struggle the horse clambered on the bank; but the man was swept swiftly down, vainly contending against the dark and angry flood.

Days after the body of a drowned man was found where it had been borne by the current. The features were past recognition, but it was identified by the garments as that of Bob Lindsay.

Poor Mary was heart broken. With all Bob's faults—or rather in spite of his one fault—she loved him dearly. And when the funeral was over, she sat down in her desolate home, and mourned and would not be comforted.

* * * * * *

When Bob awoke from his stupor, and discovered the plight he was in—money, horse, and raiment, all gone—it is impossible to describe his remorse and shame.

"I can never look Mary in the face again!" he exclaimed "Dodd will be pitiless. Her home, which she loves so well, will be sold over her head. No; I can never look her in the face again!"

Clothing himself, perforce, in the rags left by the robber, he wandered on aimlessly, and for many days lived like any other tramp.

But at last a change came over his spirit. It was cowardly to desert Mary thus. He would go back and bear his share of the trouble, and as much of hers as he could. Once for all he would be a man, and this time there should be no slip

And he turned again towards his home. At length he reached the river, and as he walked along the margin to find the ford, which lay some way above, his eyes fell on an object partly imbedded in the mud. He caught it up eagerly and examined it. An exclamation of joy burst from his lips, and he pressed forward with redoubled speed. He soon reached the ford, which he passed without difficulty, (for the water had fallen considerably,) and at nightfall was at his own door. At the sound of words within, he paused on the threshold

"If I could ever love another after poor Bob," said Mary's broken voice, "it would never be you, John Dodd who ought to be ashamed to use my hour of sorrow to insult me!"

"You shall either marry me or leave this house!" returned the harsh tones of John Dodd

"She'll do neither, villain!" thundered Bob, bursting in like a shot.

Dodd started as at the sight of a ghost; but in an instant Mary's arms were about Bob's neck.

"Oh, Bob, Bob!" she cried; "I thought you were dead and buried. First old Roan came home without you, then they found a man drowned in your clothes, and we buried him for you."

Bob's story soon dispelled the mystery.

Dodd ground his teeth with fury.

"I'll sell you out all the same," he said, spitefully.

"Not so fast," answered Bob; "I've got the money to pay your paltry mortgage."

"Why I thought you were robbed?"

"So I was, but I found my pocket-book all right to day where it was washed from the thief's pocket."

Bob paid off the mortgage, and never drank again and now he and Mary are the happiest couple, and one of the best to do in all that country

The Sandemanians are a peculiar religious people of Danbury, Conn. They have no pastor or sermons, but in their church is a circular table around which they sit, on Sundays, and discuss scriptural texts.

BAKER'S CHOCOLATE, so noted for its nutritive, salubrity and healthful qualities, hardly needs any further introduction after the awards given for its excellence at the leading exhibitions in this country and Europe. A trial is all that is needed to convince any one of its great merit.

Our Young Folks.

THE PATIENT CHRYSALIS.

BY G. D. S.

IT was a sweet May morning when a grub first awoke to the consciousness that it really had a life to live and enjoy. It was strange, passing strange to him the radiance, the glory, the joy and music all around him. He was in a meadow, where daisies, cuckoo flowers, and butter cups shook, danced and rioted as the gentle breezes swept among them. And over all laughed the life giving sunshine with the blue sky watching, as it has watched for so many years, seeming to tell, in its voiceless language, that there is a work, a duty, a trial time for all ere the calm, the peace, the fulness of joy, somewhere among its blue depths, can be reached. Fullness of joy! why, the grub seemed to walk or rather crawl, in a fairyland now amid all this brightness, freshness and beauty.

But as time passed and the bees went to and fro talking of work, and the bees built their nests, a wish, a desire for something he had not, crept into the heart of the grub, and made it pant and sigh to be and to do like those other busy workers. Was there nothing for him to do? Nothing? So thinking, he bowed his head and mused, toiling along at by no means a quick pace.

"Get out of my way, you old slow coach!" said a brisk little earwig, running full against him in his headlong haste. "I'm in a hurry, you know!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed a worm, who was looking out of its humble home, like many another busybody. "I'll warrant you're after nothing better than tickling somebody's ear."

"Perhaps that's my business, Mrs. Pry, enough for you that you've no ear to tickle," returned the pert fellow. He made a mock bow, laughed scornfully over his shoulder, and went on his way.

"You and I sail in the same boat as to slowness," remarked Mrs. Worm to the grub, who stood pondering over that very unpleasant name, "Slow Coach." "But every worm will have its day. Slow and sure wins the race, you know."

"I'm no worm," returned the other stiffly. "Oh, dear me, pride is everywhere!" cried Mrs. Worm casting up her eyes, and laughing, as well as a worm can laugh.

"I'm not proud, I'm ——"

"Ho, ho! Who is talking of pride? Oh, it is you is it?" It was a snail spoke, as she came hobbling by with her house on her back.

"Yes, it's me," replied the grub.

"Ah! three well met. Birds of a feather will flock together," laughed the snail poking out her horns in a most familiar way. "How d'ye do, Mrs. Worm? Well, what may you be after?" she asked, turning again to the poor little grub.

"I'm waiting to find my vocation," he faltered.

"Your what? Don't use such grand words."

"My duty, I mean—what I am intended to do among all the rest of the workers in the world."

"I wish you joy of your search then, for I never could understand what use a grub was, and can't now." Mrs. Snail was a blunt, homely body, but blunt speeches sometimes teach us great truths, unpleasant though they be at the time.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the worm, still at her door, "that touches your pride, doesn't it?" Now here Mrs. Worm was cruel and unjust, for the little grub did not know he was proud any more than do children when they think themselves wise enough to leave childhood, with its waiting time and school days, to do grown up people's work and live grown up people's lives.

No, it is not so much pride as the soul speaking within us, calling for our life work, only patience must step in and teach us that there is a waiting time for all to grow strong, and wise, and fit for taking up our duties. The worm and the snail misunderstood him, so he crept away, abashed and sorrowful, towards a cow, which lay near quietly chewing the cud.

"Please, Mrs. Cow, can you tell me what my work is?" he asked, humbly, for the cow seemed so grand and fierce with her two big horns.

"Your work!" exclaimed the cow in astonishment. "Nothing, you poor little mite, but to live, and crawl, and die!" The small questioner shrank away at this. Live, and crawl, and die! He lay down on the river's bank and wept, his heart craving for something better than this.

"Oh, mamma, see this ugly thing!" and two blue eyes bent over him, two rosy lips uttered a faint cry.

"It is a grub, my darling; you should not call it ugly." It was mamma said this.

"Why, mamma! I think it is ugly!" The poor grub shuddered at the child's careless words.

"Because, Annie, it teaches mankind a great lesson." How the paper creature strained its ears to listen. "The little thing isn't fully developed—there is a higher, more beautiful life awaiting it yet." Then the heart of the grub craved and panted with a desire for it knew not what.

"How, mamma? How do you mean?"

"Well, my dear, in its present state it is a grub, nothing useful or beautiful about it, so far as we can see; but by-and-by it will lie down, weave a little covering over itself and to all appearance die. The winter will pass and still it will sleep, but with the spring it will burst its little coffin—shall we call it so my dear?—and wake, not as a worm, to creep and cling to the earth, but as a butterfly to soar and rejoice in the sunshine and its own beauty, a living flower, a mite of a rainbow, so bright will be its colors to make glad the world with its presence, to show forth its Maker's praise with its radiance."

"Dear little grub! How it must long to lie down and sleep, and wake up a butterfly!"

"My dear child, the grub-life is the waiting time for us all."

"Mamma, does the little grub teach us of this life and the next?"

"Yes, dear, and it whispers to us a word of patience, when the dark days come, when disagreeable work has to be done, that a brighter, more perfect life is coming, if we, like it, will wait."

"Then is the work of the grub only waiting, mamma?" queried the child.

"Yes, only waiting, which is a great thing indeed, sometimes—waiting for its fuller, more perfect life."

The grub had heard enough. How strong, how brave, how patient he was growing! Then this was his life work; by this waiting for his change and waiting in patience, he would be teaching the great, restless world a lesson.

Well, the summer passed, autumn was stealing on, a flush lay on the fields, the trees were bright and many colored, like the thoughts which crowded the brain of the grub as a sweet, dreamy feeling as of something coming thrilled through the small thing's being. More hazy grew the skies, more brightly beautiful smiled the earth, the reeds and rushes whispered together of a great mystery.

Surely the great change was coming! The grub crept into a hollow tree, a strange drowsiness fell upon him: he shook and shivered, he scarcely knew why. Then he lay down, and wove a coffin like covering round himself, and slumber hushed his throbbing little heart into a calm.

The winter came, winds rioted, storms raved, snow fell on side the old hollow tree, but the small slumberer slept on. But by and by spring smiled, and the flowers opened their eyes and looked around once more. Then the slumberer awoke from his sleep, to the new the better, the radiant life. It was a new being, with the old heart which had longed and craved now satisfied. Oh, children, more than satisfied!

THE FOREIGN DEMAND FOR RICH AMERICAN WIVES.—A foreign correspondent says: "I remember a gentleman connected with the *American Register* of Paris once showing me a letter that had been sent to the office by a French nobleman, or, more correctly speaking, by a person sporting a grand title in which the writer desires to know whether Mr. Vanderbilt had any unmarried daughters and if so how many and whether the late Mr. A. T. Stewart left any family, etc., etc. In seeking this information the nobleman evidently meditated speculation, not to say adventure and was probably turning the matter over in his mind as to whether it would pay to embark for the United States and go for the daughters (provided they had any) of the storesaid millionaires. My friend of the *American Register* being a family man, with one fair daughter, and of incorruptible principles withal, did not deign to answer the foreign nobleman's inquiries, but left him to seek his information elsewhere. This nobleman did not even enclose a stamped envelope for a reply to his precious missive and the inference was that he was a very needy seedy specimen of continental aristocracy."

A SCRIPTURAL COURTSHIP.—A young gentleman happening to sit at church in a pew adjoining one which a young lady occupied for whom he conceived a sudden passion was desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot. The emergency of the case suggested the following plan. He politely handed his fair neighbor a Bible open, with a pin stuck in the following text—Second Epistle of John, fifth verse: "And now I beseech thee lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee but that which we had in the beginning, that we love one another." She returned it, pointing to the second chapter of Ruth, tenth verse: "Then she fell on her face and bowed herself to the ground and said unto him, Why have I found grace in thine eyes, seeing that I am a stranger?" He returned the book pointing to the thirteenth verse of the Third Epistle of John: "Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink but I trust to come unto you and speak face to face." From this interview a marriage took place.

Cerebulations.

CONDUCTED BY "WILKINS MICAWBER."

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No. 418.
S
MAD
RITES
RESUMES
MISTREATS
SATURNALIAN
DYMEAMING
SEALING
STING
SAG
N

No. 419. NUMERICAL.

In 1, 2, 3, a mineral see
The 4, 5, 6, with tongues he licks,
The 7, 8, 9, a plant define,
'Tis to strangers is the writer's reveals.
They have some legs but have no heels.

New York City. RAMONA.

No. 420. TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

ACROSS—1. A fury. 2. A title. 3. Good. 4. The Nine Muses. 5. A goddess. 6. A small coin of the West Indies.

DOWN—1. At random. 2. A quant of ardent quadrupeds. 3. A Northern sea fowl.

Lebanon Church, Va. O. C. O. LA.

No. 421. CHARADE.

Look forth from thy casement lady,
Thy lover is on the sea,
Look where my FIRST is beaming,
He sees it and thinks of thee.
On my NEXT he needs must slumber,
But sweeter his rest shall be
Than that of a king in his palace,
For a soul shall fly to thee.
Get back from thy latticed lady
Like a shadow his cap doth fall
And soft while he yet is dreaming
The heimsman cries my ALL.

Hoboken, N. J. JARCH.

No. 422. SQUARE.

1. A female name. 2. A county of Canada West. 3. An animal of Madagascar. 4. A small American animal. 5. Encircling the axle of anything.

New Haven, Conn. AXIL.

No. 423. TRANSPOSITION.

Philosophy of ancient Aristotle
Date of its FIRST was only unknown
He was a poor old tramp and in the hostle
He sought relief when other joys had flown
At last however o'er his mind Despair
Assumed its black dominion and then he
Did LAST himself oppressed by Sin and Care
Into the river of Eternity.

San Jose, Cal. NIC O'DEMUS.

No. 424. SQUARE.
(To "Gershom.")

1. A noon-day nap. 2. To adorn with brilliants. 3. The side of a ditch near the parapet. 4. Oil of myrrh. 5. A kind of cloth. 6. A French measure.

Baltimore, Md. RANDOLPH.

No. 425. ENIGMATICAL NUMERICAL.

As wicked was walking down the street,
A one five tramp he chanced to meet;
To whom he said: "Why do I see
Y— in such beggarly rot it yourself?"
"Which now he seven two," the rogue
Responded (note the Celtic brogue)
"My deeds are foine. 'Tis in a fix
I'd be, if I had not EIGHT SIX."

Rondout, N. Y. O. W. L.

No. 426. DIAMOND.

1. Indy (Metrical). 2. An article. 3. Birds. 4. A stroller. 5. An animal. 6. To cry down. 7. Some. 8. An animal. 9. In Mrs. Nickleby.

Decatur, Ala. SOL COM.

No. 427. CHARADE.
(Solution partly by sound.)

"I'm growing weak and faint, mother,
My head with pain will burst
'Tis not the liver—it ain't, mother,
But 'tis the blasted FIRST
'Twas at the picnic gay, mother,
Began this fearful pain,
I thought 'twould pass away, mother,
(Ouch! oh! there 'tis again).
The cold's got the lunge, mother,
Upon your dar'ling's chest,
But I'll still not indulge, mother,
In FIRST again, you bet!"

From their places on the stand,
Ladies gay, with radiant faces
Clothed in satins, silks and laces
With brief if eager glances scanned
Steeds and riders at the races.

All Parole the noble steed,
'Neath a jockey who can ride,
Straining every nerve to lead,
Skims the track at each a stride,
Speeds along at such a LAST,
That though others may be fast
He is faster and has passed
Mid the cheering of the whole
Vast assemblage all to rest,
And is winner of the goal
Of all famous steeds the best.

And the ladies on the Stand,
Now with sad and downcast faces
Query hearts but answ'rete bland,
Pass the stakes from hand to hand
Lost in betting on the races.

Oh! as for me
A whaler I'd be
And sail o'er the raging flood
On the good ship's deck
I'd wade to the neck
Through barrels and buckets of blood
When a battle was fought
Below I'd cut short
Till my crew had punished the foe
When the women and kids
By their whiskers and lids
I'd tie in a horrible row
With the keel of a boat
I'd cut the throat
Of weeping woman and child;
I'd laugh with glee
Their writhing to see
For I'd be a WHOLE SOUL'D mild

New York City. TOM ARCAT.

No. 428. REVERSED RHOMBOID.

ACROSS—1. United. 2. A celebrated Sultan of Egypt. 3. A pine. 4. Sarcasms. 5. Relating to the internal nervous tissues of the eye. 6. Attached to the side. 7. A city of Honduras.

DOWN—1. A letter. 2. A city of Central Asia. 3. Material. 4. A bristle. 5. The four of cards. 6. Trenchant wit. 7. A river of California. 8. Relating to more than one. 9. A thin plate. 10. Certain dates. 11. A burglar. 12. A measure. 13. A letter.

San Francisco, Cal. KID, K.

No. 429. CRYPTOGRAM.

THY CANA'L OOA ENTRY STINGH UWN S NAA
HI BI GO WOUTH'
TI TWOTO LNO AITI AI NOOA ENATONANT DWOOTH
THY DOTHAN FOIS JCOOOOTH. BNO OI IA ENTPEAT
IA THTSHICK DWNIAT. THY IA ONSTRNK YTNAT'
THY FCO PIWDY OC DO'ANOK A'AN JNUBA YOLDUR-
TD.
PTK POL LPR IA T CTRRITH THY CA COL SONLO-
OWOTD.

St. Joseph, Mo. WILD ROSE.

No. 430. DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A cry. 3. Dances. 4. Frames. 5. Impudent. 6. The state of being heated. 7. Beginning to diminish. 8. Capable of being cut. 9. A net. 10. An animal. 11. A letter.

New York City. WAVERLY.

A NEW FOR NEXT WEEK.

PRIZES.

1. The POST six months for FIRST COMPLETE list of solutions.

2. The POST three months for NEXT BEST list.

SOLVERS.

Centrifugal of Sept. 13th were solved by Peggotty, Goose Quill, Dick, A Silver Capt. Cuttle, Odoacer, Percy Vere, Mrs. Nickleby, Flewy Ann, Ben J. Mio, Hannah B. Gage, Ethel P., Alec Mahler, Gentlemen, Magona Touhead, D. Possum, Thetos.

COMPLETE LISTS.—Peggotty, Goose Quill, Dick.

PRIZE WINNERS.

1. Peggotty - - Phila. Pa.
2. Goose Quill - San Francisco, Cal.

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

Maud Lynn, Cryptogram, Anagram, Double Crosswords and Charade. Percy Vere, Square, Jarge—Double Eleven Letter Diamond, Half Square, Reversed Rhomboid, and two Squares. Ezma—Square and Cross. Comet—Acrostic and Diamond. Ki Fen—Square and Double Eleven Letter Diamond.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MAUD LYNN—Your quatrain is quite acceptable and we are glad to hear of the pleasure you experienced in solving the Cryptogram. Having solved it your previous objections are thus dissolved.

PERCY VERE—Your last contribution proves that you were on the Square to see Horace, and we take it for granted that you rejoiced the hero, when you perceived the man.

JARGE—We have arranged with Ki Fen to have his huge Square blu somewhat enlarged to give you a show, and would also remark that Double Kievens are not bad to take "when October leaves are turning brown."

EZMA—Whenever you come across such Squares, think of Wilkie and melt.

COMET—All right on the Diamond. We have bought a new lead pencil and begged a foolscap sheet to check up the Acrostic.

KI FEN—For solid Squares and Pure Diamonds you can "toe the mark." By Feny time you need a recommendation as a Walking Dictionary, telegraph us at once.

A. SOLVER—"Eggzactly" so, as soon as possible.

By high pressure steam, is meant steam at a pressure considerably above the boiling point. In England a pressure above twenty-five pounds to the square inch, is spoken of as high pressure, in America, above 90 pounds to the square inch. The customs vary.

CHARLIE.

BY DELF.

I stand by the old orchard gate, Charlie,
Where we stood one morn long ago—
When the apple-tree boughs were all abloom,
And down at our feet, in the rich perfume,
Drifted the blossoms like snow.

The wild, liquid notes of the lark, Charlie,
Floated up from the vale below,
While over our heads in a gnarled old tree,
The catbird warbled in merriest glee,
And the honey-bee hummed to and fro.

We were happy lad and lassie, Charlie,
Standing here in the morning light;
I climbed on the gate and listened to you,
As your face near to mine, your feet in the dew,
You talked of your books and your kite.

Of the daisies that bloomed in the meadow, Charlie,
Of the violets that grew by the rill,
You culled for me that morn to wear,
And deftly turned them in my hair—
To-day I treasure them still.

Alas! we met no more, Charlie,
No more we roamed at will,
O'er sunny meads, through bright leafy bowers—
No more you culled for me sweet flowers,
By the side of the murmuring rill.

For your spirit had gone to that land, Charlie—
That land of sinless bloom;
In anguish I wept that death's chilling blight
Should hide you forever away from my sight,
In the cold embrace of the tomb.

But the years have been weary—so weary, Charlie,
Since the morn we stood here by the gate;
When I read the dark page of my life o'er again—
When I sum up the pleasure and count o'er the pain,
I feel mine is a sadder fate.

As I stand here and muse in the gloaming, Charlie,
'Neath the boughs of the lonely old tree,
I wonder if over Death's dark rolling tide,
Where tears are unknown, and the angels abide,
You can ever think darling of me.

Slick Rock, Barren Co., Ky.

THE HAIR.

THE hair, says a modern writer, is one of the crowning beauties bestowed by nature upon human beings. Painters and sculptors have vied with each other in their efforts to display it most attractively. The poets of all ages and countries have been loud in its praise, and even the rigid censors of morals have not considered it unworthy of their notice. The color of the hair has received particular attention, and every hue of which it is capable has in turn been fashionable or famous. The natural tint of the tresses of some reigning beauty has at one time excited emulation, and all heads that could assume the same have done so. But very often the love-struck poet has given utterance to the praises of hair of a particular color, because the lady of his affections has happened to have it. Other reasons might be alleged; but all we care now to show is the high estimation in which the hair has been held. Even St. Paul exclaimed, "If a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her."

Meanwhile, Fashion has been busy throughout all ages of which we have any record, with female tresses. She has twisted and tortured, disfigured and confined them; she has dyed, variegated, and blanched them; and has greased, stiffened and frizzed them. She has done her best in some portion of every age to nullify their graceful effect, and to convert that which should have been a beauty into a deformity. But it must be admitted that sometimes her work has been of a higher character, and in accordance with the principles of true taste and art. That hair is capable of really artistic treatment is undeniable, and its nature is such that it seems to invite the skill and attention of the world.

The ancient Greeks exercised their ingenuity upon it, and yet it is true that sometimes they wore quantities of false hair, plaited their tresses into elaborate braids, curled them into pyramids, frizzed and pomatumed them, so that it was only at intervals that the classic headdress which we call Grecian prevailed.

Among the Romans hairdressing was quite an art. The ladies taught their slaves how to rear the hair into marvellous edifices of curls or frize, with flowers, jewels, and coronals; or to plait it into multitudinous plaits, which were enclosed by a single cord, a canal, or a network of gold or silver thread and gems, or fastened with pins arrows, and even dagger-shaped jewels of gold, silver, etc.

We are told that the Egyptians perfumed and pomaded their tresses, suffered them to float in braids or ringlets about their necks and shoulders, wreathed them with flowers, gems, bands, or bound them with a fillet about the head. They also wore false hair, and a veritable Egyptian wig is still in existence. It is said that they even painted, frosted, gilded, silvered and stiffened the hair, till its identity was in a manner destroyed.

Among the ancient Hebrews the great importance of the hair as an ornament was fully recognized, as we learn from the scanty allusions of the Old Testament. When either men or women took the Nazarite vow of self-denial they were not to cut or trim their hair, but to "let the locks of the hair of the head grow." When the vow was fulfilled the hair of the head was cut off and thrown upon the fire, which was under the peace offering. Everybody is acquainted with the profuseness of Samson's and Absalom's locks, so nothing need be said of them, except that the record suggests the pride which men, no less than women, took in their hair. The men, however, as a rule, seem to have resembled the Orientals of the present day in attaching peculiar importance to the beard. One of the proverbs says, "the beauty of old men is the grey head;" but the beard was regarded almost with reverence. The hair of the head and the beard were anointed with perfumed oils and unguents, even in the case of the priests themselves. The bridegroom in the Song of Solomon expiates on the beautiful locks of his bride, and Isaiah speaks of the "well-set hair" of the ladies of his day. Only as an expression of sorrow and mourning did they consent to part with their much-prized tresses.

And Assyrians, as is evident from the monuments, paid great attention to the hair. Speaking of the men, an eminent author says the hair is combed down upon the head, and spread out upon the neck into a mass of curls, which rests upon the shoulders. In all cases where the color has been preserved, it is painted black. The beard, moreover, is curled and dressed in most elaborate style; the eyebrows were dyed black, and the moustaches carefully trimmed and curled at the ends. The women generally appear to have worn the hair smooth, or simply waved upon the head, from which long curls or ringlets of equal length depended—behind and at the sides. In one case we observe that the Assyrian Venus is represented with a mural coronet, from beneath which the hair falls straight down behind, tapering to the waist. There are other variations, but they all tend to show that the Assyrians resembled all the great nations of antiquity in the value they set upon the hair of their heads, and the abundant care they bestowed upon its arrangement and adorning.

Grains of Gold.

A man's dress should not be remarkable.

A formal call is long if it lasts over half an hour.

A young lady should never stretch her feet out in company.

When a man's temper gets the best of him, it reveals the worst of him.

To manage men one must have a sharp mind concealed in a velvet sheath.

There is no book which is quite so good as a good biography of a good man.

The thing that makes young people strong is moral courage to do right.

A weak mind, like a microscope, magnifies trifles, and can not receive great things.

Ceremonies are different in every country, but true politeness is everywhere the same.

Resolve to perform just what you ought; perform without fail just what you resolve.

It's a poor use of the past to let its remembrances unfit us for the duties of the present.

To be agreeable in society it behooves one neither to see nor remember a great many things.

He who has no home has not the sweetest pleasure of life, and most comforts are lacking to him.

Anything in the creation is sufficient to demonstrate a Providence to an humble and grateful mind.

All the real difficulty of life is concentrated in the first step to those who behave well and do their duty.

If every person would be half as good as he expects his neighbor to be what a Heaven this world would be!

Every man should bear his own grievances and inconveniences, rather than detract from the comfort of another.

In play and for pleasure you cannot speak too much with children; nor, in punishing or teaching them, too little.

It is a good thing to make a sacrifice for a friend, and it is also a good thing to conceal the effort made in making the sacrifice.

No man can be brave who considers pain to be the greatest evil; nor temperate who considers pleasure to be the highest good.

The world more frequently recompenses the appearance of merit, than merit itself.

Passion is a sort of fever of the mind which leaves us weaker than it found us; but being intermitting, it is curable with care.

The hardest thing for a man to do is to own that he has made a mistake in his judgment. It is an impeachment of his weak side—his mind.

Men will cheerfully give up their property to save the life of the body, and yet, for the sake of property, they will sacrifice the life of their souls.

It is not all joy which produces laughter; the greatest enjoyments are serious. The pleasures of love, ambition, or avarice make nobody laugh.

Men will cheerfully give up their property to save the life of the body, and yet, for the sake of property, they will sacrifice the life of their souls.

The weather may be dark and rainy; very well—laugh between the drops, and think cheerily of the blue sky and sunshine that will surely come to-morrow.

Every man should reap from his occupation as much pleasure as he can, and men in congenial occupations have little need to seek beyond them for amusement.

All the good things of this world are no further good to us than they are of use; and whatever we may heap up to others, we enjoy only as much as we can use, and no more.

The greatest of fools is he that imposes on himself, and in his greatest concern thinks certainly he knows that which he has least studied, and of which he is most profoundly ignorant.

Everyone ought to be busy, but no one ought to be so busy that he cannot do his work well. An overworked man is like a certain plough of which we have heard, which turned up a great deal more than it could turn over.

It is not what we earn, but what we can save, that makes us rich. It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us fat. It is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us learned. All this is very simple, but it is worth remembering.

An oak lives for centuries, putting forth its leaf and shedding its foliage. What is its opportunity and responsibility compared with the brief life of the most common man? Yet the world would be better off if it had more oaks and fewer of some kinds of men.

If industry is more than a habit, it is at least an excellent one. If you ask which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, luxury, ambition, or egotism? No, I shall say indolence. Who conquers indolence will conquer all the rest. Indeed, all good principles must stagnate without mental activity.

A wise man will never rust out. As long as he can move and breathe he will be doing for himself, his neighbor, or for posterity. Who is old? Not the man of energy, not the day-laborer in science, art, or benevolence, but he only who suffers his energies to waste away, and the springs of life to become motionless, on whose hands the hours drag heavily, and to whom all things wear the garb of gloom.

Feminimities.

Queen Victoria used to be fond of etching.

Ex Empress Eugenie receives no one, and dines alone.

Vermont boasts of a wife and mother aged 12, who has eloped.

Before marriage, affection and perfection; after, reflection and defection.

An Albany N. Y. man advertises for "a girl to work in hair." He is evidently a bachelor.

As is the golden tress of hair to butter, so are unkind words from the ripe lips of a beautiful woman.

False hair is coming into use as an ornament for the heads of children at French watering-places.

A woman's knowledge should be such as may enable her to understand and aid the work of men.

"Girls," shrieks an exchange, "don't marry a man to save him!" Well, if they don't marry a man, whom will they marry?

A man is always wanting some one to tell him how handsome he looks. A woman will just stand before the glass and see for herself!

Young ladies out West have taken to rowing canoes for health and amusement. A most excellent exercise for them—in moderation.

Women would never do for assessors. One couldn't be induced to rate her neighbor's new grand piano as worth over two dollars.

A man is always wanting some one to tell him how handsome he looks. A woman will just stand before the glass and see herself.

A young gentleman advertised for a wife, through the Chicago papers, and received answers from eighteen husbands, saying that he could have theirs.

Archery clubs are popular with girls because they always like to bend the bow. Get him down on his knees, as it were, or on the string, so to speak.

The most remarkable of recent opinions concerning divorce (by a woman, of course): "Divorce is all very well in its way, but I prefer widowhood—it's surer!"

In an Indiana church the best-looking young ladies are selected to pass the contribution boxes, and there isn't a young man in the congregation that dare drop in a button.

A young lady of considerable talent who contributed a picture for this year's art exhibition at Berlin was so broken-hearted at its rejection that she suffocated herself with the fumes of charcoal.

Suitable conclusion for a French love-story: "The loss of her husband worked on her constitution, and she died 20 years afterwards, aged 97, though not until she had been twice again married."

Two girls have been scalped lately by their hair catching in machinery. Thus does modern invention not only diminish the opportunities of labor, but actually begins to rob the poor Indian of his birthright.

A Texas girl's foot was badly wounded, resulting in lockjaw. A physician was called, and terror at the sight of the edged instruments produced a reaction and the girl was well before anything could be done for her.

Amusements should bind together the whole household. I am greatly opposed to the separation of the sexes. Woe to the young man who does what he would be ashamed to do in the sight of his sister or his sweetheart.

A lady sends her laundress a washing list among which is the following:—One frilled white petticoat (no starch.) On Saturday the washing comes home, and with it the bill, among the items in which are the following: One frilled petticoat, 20 cents, no starch, 10 cents.

The following testimonial of a certain patent medicine speaks for itself: "Dear Sir: Two months ago my wife could scarcely speak. She has taken two bottles of your "Life Renewer," and now she can't speak at all. Please send me two more bottles. I wouldn't be without it."

The newspapers of British Burmah try their best to report dresses worn at balls by British residents, but they do not succeed very well. "Two fair sisters," says one of these papers, "were dressed in pretty white cashmere princess robes, fitting very well. This is as bad as the enthusiasm of the Boston religious paper which, in describing a wedding said that the bride "presented a very neat appearance."

Mme. Thiers and her bonnet came to grief at the funeral mass for her husband's soul. She wore a veil with a train three yards long; but the populace, not appreciating the depth of grief implied by this attire, or the royal airs of its owner, ventured to come near her; an unlucky fellow trod on the crape, and Mme. Thiers rolled on her bonnet as best she could, and walked out with her veil over her arm.

To tell the truth, we are surprised that the women folks show the amount of common sense they do. Young man, supposing you were told, say twenty times a day, how bright your eyes are, what magnificent tresses are yours, how enchanting your society is, how nicest, sweetest, best you are; how long, think you, before you would develop into the worst kind of a jackass—always provided you were not one at the start?"

Curious directions for a young lady's dress.—Let your earrings be attention, encircled by the pearls of refinement. Let the diamonds of your necklace be truth, and the chain of Christianity. Let your bracelets be charity, ornamented with the pearls of gentleness. Let your bosom pin be modesty, set with compassion. Let your finger rings be affection, set with the diamonds of industry. Let your garb be virtue, your drapery politeness. Let your shoes be wisdom, secured with the buckles of perseverance.

A woman in the almshouse at Dublin Ga., who is sixty five years old, presents a remarkable condition. Her skull bones for years have been gradually gaping open both at the longitudinal and the transverse sutures, leaving the brain unprotected save by the skin of the head. By placing the finger in the fissure the throbbing of the brain may be plainly felt. The woman keeps a handkerchief bound tightly round her head, complaining of great pain and dread that it will burst open when the band is removed for a short time. In spite of all this she is said to be very cheerful and active.

Facetiæ.

On the wing—Feathers.

Jonah is reported to have been the first man who struck oil.

The independent voter is the man who will drink with all parties.

It is easier to rectify whisky than it is the ways of those who drink it.

It is the little arrows that pierce the soul; the big ones shoot the whole business away.

There is one kind of canned goods that goes off quicker than any other—gunpowder.

If men's morals were half as stiff as their shirt collars, what would the world do for sensation?

The man who most feelingly recognizes that all flesh is grass, is the one who has the hay fever.

"It's easy enough after you get your hand in" was the reply of the criminal with the fetters on his wrist.

An eat-joke—To ask a friend to dine with you at a restaurant, and then leave him to pay for his own dinner.

"Mamma, can't we have anything we want?" "Yes, my dears. But be careful and don't want anything you can't have."

The best lip salve is a kiss. This remedy should be used with the greatest caution, as it is very likely to bring on an affection of the heart.

"Do the subjects of the King of Dahomey keep Sunday?" "Keep Sunday?" he replied; "yes, and every other thing they can lay their hands on."

It was the fall of an apple that set Sir Isaac Newton to thinking, but the fall of the shingle has made more boys think than all the apples that ever grew.

"I'll not compromise my honor," said a loud-voiced politician. "No, and for the same reason I will not close the eye in the back of head," said his opponent.

Young man, don't waste your energies in attempting to wear too delicate a shade of clothes; the girls don't care for them. Their own finery occupies their attention.

A priest asked of a condemned criminal in a Paris jail: "What kind of a conscience have you?" "It is as good as new," replied the prisoner, "for I have never used it."

"I'll make you prove that," said one man to another, who had accused him of theft. "Don't," said a witty bystander, "for you'll feel worse after it than you do now."

Too much refinement is bad. Call a San Francisco man square, and he likes it; but a Boston man of culture who called a Frisco quadrilateral, promptly got filled with buckshot.

The school-boy will gloat for half a day on the enigmas in a puzzle column, but when he comes to getting his regular arithmetic lesson, he considers it the greatest bore on earth.

Pious old lady: "Just think, Rose only five missionaries to twenty thousand cannibals!" Kind-hearted niece: "Good gracious! the poor cannibals will starve to death at that rate."

Of course it's wrong to "use a big, big D;" but when you discover that your wife has been using your razor to cut her finger-nails with, what else can you say? We leave it to a candid public.

A Canadian girl carried a twenty foot ladder one hundred yards, placed it against a burning house, climbed up, and—well, she didn't put out the fire. She left backward on a man and nearly killed him.

A man is always a fool. If he be young, the world says when he is older he will know more; if he be older, it says he is old enough to know better, and when he is old, it says the old folks are the biggest fools.

"Never leave what you undertake until you can reach your arms around it and clinch your hands on the other side," says a recently published book for young men. Very good advice; but what if she screams?

Some people profess to believe that celibacy is more honorable than matrimony. What a pity it is that their parents before them did not think so. It would have saved the believers the trouble of an existence.

We oppose woman's rights, and we have a good reason for it, too. If women were running for the legislature, and our landlady should be elected, we are afraid that her first bill presented would be our board bill.

The following advertisement appeared in the Rochdale, Eng., Observer of June 26: "On sale—a set of teeth the owner having no use for them, having nothing to chew on account of bad times. Apply No. 7 Burgess St., Freehold."

A Louisiana man made a vow that if his lottery ticket drew $5 000 he would take $2 000 and build a church. The ticket drew $8 500, and after a long struggle with his conscience, the man presented an orphan asylum with ten pounds of brown sugar, and let his vow go at that."

A man who was a great stickler for etiquette, having married a widow before her term of mourning had expired, soon after made his appearance with a weed in his hat. On being asked as to his reason for it, he remarked that he considered it no more than the handsome thing toward his lamented predecessor.

"Edward," said Mr Rice, "what do I hear, that you have disobeyed your grandmother, who told you just now not to jump down these steps?" "Grandma didn't tell me not to, papa; she only came to the door and said 'I wouldn't jump down these steps, boys,' and I shouldn't think she would—an old lady like her."

A young man dressed in the height of fashion, and with a poetic turn of mind, was driving along a country road, and, upon gazing at the pond which skirted the highway, said, "Oh, how I would like to have my heated head in those cooling waters!" An Irishman, overbearing the exclamation, immediately replied, "Bedad, you might have it there and it wouldn't sink."

A Dry Rasping Cough irritates and endangers the Lungs, and greatly debilitates and annoys the patient. Dr Jayne's Expectorant removes constriction of the bronchial tubes, promotes easy expectoration, heals all inflamed parts, and brings about a speedy cure of the most stubborn Cough or Cold.

THE LAST FLY.

BY F. HENRY DOYLE.

The colder winds announce his brief life's end,
No more with grace he flits and floats in glee,
But lone and sad, as one without a friend,
He clasps the pane and winkless watches me.

Perhaps he dreams of brighter younger days,
As full of vim he sought the butter-plate;
Yet wisely warned by others' foolish ways,
Kept on the edge, nor met a greasy fate.

Perchance his mind looks back to summer jaunts—
So wild and merry—'round the cream-jug's lip,
With fair relations—sisters, cousins, aunts,
To bathe awhile—then to the sugar skip.

And, oh! the moments of delirious joy,
When playing "hide and seek" amid the jam,
He 'scaped the vision of the sweet-toothed boy,
And went to death as happy as a clam.

Do smooth bald heads rise 'fore his mental eye,
Whereon he onetime danced with ceaseless zest?
Does mem'ry paint the victim's frantic cry,
As, slapping 'round, he vainly prayed for rest?

Come to his thoughts the morning pic-nics when
A helpless mortal wooed the goddess Sleep,
He blocked his game, and, ears for doorways, then,
With some success, tried through his head to creep?

No doubt he thinks of them, poor trembling fly,
Now reft of all that erewhile brought him bliss:
How much more pleasant in the milk to die,
Or e'en the butter, than a fate like this.

Diogenes.

WE have all heard something of Diogenes, who lived in a tub, and went about with a lantern in his hand, looking for a man, and told the mighty Alexander to stand from between him and the sun. He is the immortal type of that class of persons who, being unable to gain distinction by merit, try to win it by oddity. Diogenes succeeded; for, after the lapse of twenty two centuries, his name is familiar to us all.

Let us all look at him as he appeared to the polite scholars of Athens. Plato, who was thoughtful, lofty, serene, refined, gave a feast one day to his friends. At the height of the repast enters Diogenes unbidden, looking like a sturdy tramp, bare headed and bare-footed, clothed in rags, with a dirty knapsack slung over his back. He looks round scornfully upon the guests reclining upon cushions, and sipping delicate wine from beautiful goblets, while music is heard in the next apartment. He stamps upon the brilliant carpet and says, "Thus I trample on the pride of Plato."

The master of the feast, with fine composure and blandest tone, replies, "With greater pride, oh Diogenes!"

The father of Diogenes more than twenty two hundred years ago, was a rich banker of Corinth, to whom the public money of the city was intrusted. He brought up this famous son to his own business. He was a defaulter; and his son, it appears, was a participant in the crime, for both of them fled from the city to avoid prosecution. Diogenes came to Athens; there being then no such thing as an extradition treaty.

At Athens he applied for admission to the famous school of Antisthenes, who taught a philosophy which the Greeks well named cynical or dog like, which consisted chiefly in a kind of ferocious self denial, and despising all that other men most esteemed. Their endeavor was to lead the life of a savage in the midst of civilization.

Diogenes, from being a delicate Corinthian dandy, cast off the garments and refinements of the age, went without shoes and hat, sat in the burning sun of summer, passed the day in winter under the portico of a temple, or wandered about the city, railing at all the world, and living upon the food which his admirers threw into his knapsack. He scolded or ridiculed everybody. He upbraided the orators of the public assemblies and the people who listened to them, sparing neither priests nor magistrates; and heaping contempt equally upon the diviners who interpreted dreams, and upon true philosophers who strove to penetrate the hidden nature of things.

Plato, for example, had described man as a featherless biped. Diogenes threw a plucked chicken into Plato's school, saying, "There is one of Plato's men!"

A person who says everything that comes uppermost may occasionally say something very good, and certainly some of the sayings attributed to this philosopher have force and truth in them. He said one day that people who talk well and behave ill are like instruments which give forth lovely music but themselves neither hear nor feel. Seeing a dissolute man tuning a harp, he said to him: "Are you not ashamed to know how to regulate the sounds of a thing of wood and to be unable to make your soul accord with duty? Why live at all, if you do not take care to live well?"

Some one asked him of what use his philosophy was.

He answered, "Though there were no other use, it prepares me for everything that may happen."

On a voyage along the coast his ship was captured by pirates and taken to Crete, where Diogenes and the rest of the passengers were sold at public auction.

"What can you do?" cried the auctioneer, when Diogenes was put up for sale.

"Govern men," was his reply.

A rich merchant came up to him, and asked, "If I buy you, what will you teach me?"

"I will snatch you," replied the prisoner, "from the delights of life, and shut you up with poverty. Then I will make you sweat and sleep on the ground, and eat everything as it comes. If you have any money and take my advice, you will throw it into the river. You will care neither for relations nor for country, and all that people tell you you will regard as a fable. You will live in some old hovel or tomb or, like me, in a tub. Your knapsack will be your only estate and with that you will be as happy as Jupiter himself."

Strange to say, the merchant bought the philosopher, and made him the tutor of his children. According to the narrative of Diogenes' friend and namesake, to whom we owe most of our knowledge of him, he was not altogether a bad tutor. He taught his pupils to ride, to use the bow, the sling, and the javelin. He trained them to hunting; he made them perform the tasks usually left to slaves; he accustomed them to hard fare, and made them go about with naked head and feet, and dressed in the coarsest garments. Nor, did he neglect altogether to cultivate their minds, saying that getting knowledge is to the young what business is to the mature.

In some way unknown he regained his freedom, and resumed his wandering life; passing the winter at Athens and the summer at Corinth. It was at Corinth that he received the visit of Alexander, when he made the reply alluded to above. His celebrated interview with Alexander, which has been for two thousand years one of the universal anecdotes of the world, was originally related thus:—The young king who was then preparing for his grand expedition into Asia, not finding Diogenes among those who offered their court to him, determined to pay the philosopher a visit. He found him basking in the sun before his tub.

"I am Alexander the Great," said the king.

"I am Diogenes the Cynic," was the reply.

"Can I do anything for you?" asked Alexander.

"Yes," said Diogenes; "stand aside from between me and the sun!"

"Were I not Alexander," rejoined the king, "I would be Diogenes!"

The frequent burthen of his discourse was that men were effeminate; and this brings us to the story of his peering about the streets seeking a man, with his lantern lighted in the daytime. He did not say he was in search of an honest man, as the story is sometimes told, but simply for a man. He used to declare that he had never seen any men, for at Sparta he had seen only children, and at Athens only women. One day he cried out in the street, "Draw, near all men!"

Several persons approaching, he beat them back with his club, saying, "I called for men; you are dirt!"

It is strange that this snarling cur should have lived to his ninetieth year, preserving to the last a certain degree of popularity in Athens, and evidently regarded as one of the curiosities of the city. He had both admirers and imitators. Some of these, going to visit him one day, found him lying on the ground wrapped in his cloak, appearing to be asleep. Upon uncovering his face they perceived that he was dead. A marble tomb was erected to his memory, on which rested the very appropriate image of a dog.

In every company of a hundred persons, in every school or college, or place of business, there is pretty sure to be at least one Diogenes. Probably every reader knows one.

The Greek humorist, Lucian, who lived six hundred years later, wrote a burlesque of the sale of Diogenes, in which he hits off the secret of his notoriety.

He makes Diogenes say to his purchaser, "Friend, after all mine is the easiest way, and you may travel it without any trouble. *It is a short cut to glory!* You will want no education, no learning, no trifles of that nature. Be you ever so ignorant, you will not be a whit the less admired, provided you have but impudence enough, and a good knack at abuse."

Lucian hits the mark in these sentences and lets us know that men in every age have much the same foibles. The dandy banker's son of Corinth, who helped his father to steal the public money, was the same trivial person as he who went about the world in rags and knapsack reviling better men than himself, and still subsisting upon food which others earned. Such persons are not always wanting in the power to utter striking things which are repeated, and impose upon the world.

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New Publications.

"Figs and Thistles" is a novel likely to please all readers. From beginning to end there is no lack of incident in this peculiar book. Love, war, politics—almost everything in the history of man, is touched upon. There are twenty odd persons who figure more or less conspicuously in it, but Markham Churr is the hero, and Lizzie Harper the heroine. It is called a "representive American novel," and so it is to a certain extent. The hero not only comes into the world barefoot, but he goes shoeless and stockingless for a long time after his arrival. Adverse fortune does not daunt him. He seizes the wheel with both his strong young hands and turns it back, so that from being at the bottom he reaches the top. He practises as an attorney, he serves in the war, and at last reaches Congress. Altogether it is well calculated to delight the general novel-reader. Albion T. Tourgee is the author. Published by Fords, Howard & Hurlbert, New York.

One of the most popular juvenile books of the year, will undoubtedly be "The Bodleys Afloat," by the author of "The Bodleys on Wheels," and other Bodley stories. Like its predecessor, its illustrated cover is enough to attract the juvenile eye, by its artistic and unique appearance, while the contents are profusely illustrated throughout. Among the many interesting descriptive stories, there is one about Nathan Bodley's walk from Roxbury to New York, with his cousin. Their adventures and observations are graphically described. It is published by Houghton, Osgood & Co., of Boston, with their usual attractions of letter, press and paper.

MAGAZINES.

The artistic attractions of Harper's Magazine for November, are exceptionally profuse and varied, all but two of the articles being illustrated. Mr. Benjamin completes his review of American Art with an instructive paper on our early painters, illustrated with beautiful engravings of pictures by John Smybert, Benjamin West, John Singleton Copley, C. W. Peale, John Trumbull, Gilbert Stuart, G. Stuart Newton, Thomas Sully, E. G. Malbone, Washington Allston, and S. F. B. Morse. The leading paper, by W. H. Rideing, is devoted to a subject of curious interest—the old National pike between the East and West across the Alleghanies. The author, with his eloquent description, assisted by Fyle's excellent illustrations, reproduces in vivid colors the lively pageantry of this great highway, which little more than a generation ago was the scene of a traffic that "seems like a frieze with an endless procession of figures." An equally novel subject, and of greater present interest, is Mr. A. A. Hayes, Jr.'s, article on the Cattle Ranches of Colorado, which is very entertaining reading, while it contains full information as to the methods and risks of cattle-raising. The illustrations by Mr. Rogers. The engravings which illustrate Mr. J. C. Beard's paper, The Mimicry of Nature, are extremely beautiful. The drawings are by the author, and the article is concerned with some of the most interesting phenomena of natural history. Prof. H. W. Elliott's paper, The Sparrow War, finely illustrated, will be read with gusto by every American farmer. Mrs. Georgiana S. Hull contributes a thrilling story, A Legend of All-Hallow Eve, which is illustrated with three pictures by Fyle. An anonymous story of travel, A Night on the Tete Noire, is full of humorous situations, characteristically illustrated by Fredericks. Two more of Abbey's striking illustrations of Herrick's poetry Upon Julia's Clothes, and The Cobbler's Catch, add to the variety of the number. The new serial novels, White Wings, by William Black, and Mary Anerley, by R. D. Blackmore, are continued, and there is a very interesting instalment of Miss Mulock's Young Mrs. Jardine. The November number closes the fifty-ninth volume, and the publishers offer to send to new annual subscribers beginning with the December number, 1879, the four previous numbers containing the early chapters of White Wing and Mary Anerley.

The October number of Cassell's Illustrated Magazine of Art is especially attractive. The opening paper, continuing the series of Our Living Artists, has a sketch of Elizabeth Thompson Butler, with her portrait, and two of her pictures—A Grenadier Guard from the Roll Call, and Missing, which forms the frontispiece. Mr. Seymour Haden concludes his paper on Etching. No. II is given of the descriptive papers on the Royal Scottish Academy and Glasgow Institute Exhibitions, with a variety of illustrations. There is a fine cut of Raeburn's portrait of Mr. Allan. The paper on The Fourth Annual Exhibition of Paintings on China, is illustrated with selections from the exhibition. American Artists and American Art, gives a sketch of W. W. Story, with illustrations of his Sibyl, and Cleopatra. The paper on Sketching Grounds is also continued; among its illustrations are pictures of Haddon Hall, and Peroril Castle. This is followed by No. VI of Pictures of the Year, in which is the picture of A Justice of 1300 from the painting by Charles Loomis. The concluding paper is on Wood Engraving, with a variety of illustrations. The October number concludes the volume, and the general appreciation and success of the magazine have led the publishers to enlarge it without increase of price, which will no doubt add to its merited popularity.

Appleton & Co. have added to their Handy Volume Series three interesting numbers "Uncle Cæsar," one of Madame Charles Reybaud's charming French stories, "The Distracted Young Preacher," by Thomas Hardy, with which is published a short story entitled "Hester," by Beatrice May Butt. The third and last volume—making No. 43 of this series—is "Table Talk," to which are added "Imaginary Conversations by Pope and Swift," by Leigh Hunt. The series has had a widespread popularity, and these latest additions to the list are in every way calculated to increase it. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

Seeing a servant rushing out of a London house for medical aid, a rascal said: "I am a doctor," and obtained access to the room of a sick child. He feigned to minister to him for hours, read prayers by his bedside, and then, descending into the dining-room, and taking advantage of the carelessness wrought by the approach of death, took a good meal, and decamped with all the portable property he could lay hands on.

What Compound Oxygen is Doing.

A lady officer of St. Mary's Orphan Asylum, Norfolk, Va., writes: My improvement is wonderful, though slow. I have gained in flesh, and they say that I appear twenty years younger. With most grateful thanks, and the wish that I could spread the reputation of your wonderful agent, I am, etc." All information sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

News Notes.

A rich mine of tin has been discovered at Dalton, Ga.

There are forty-eight divorce cases on file in Dallas, Texas.

The barley crop of Pennsylvania is the largest ever harvested.

The Russian government is suppressing the sale of newspapers on the streets.

It is estimated that there are about thirty thousand convicts in the various State prisons.

The 700th anniversary of the Bavarian dynasty is to be celebrated at Munich on September 16, 1880.

James Park, the Pittsburg steel manufacturer, has three hundred thousand dollars insurance on his life.

The citizens of Selma, Ala., have "protected" home trade by putting a local tax of $200 on commercial travelers.

The last Legislature in Texas fixed a tax on public horse racing which has almost put a stop to the diversion in that State.

A hickory tree on the farm of J. Johnson, Amite county, Texas, was torn from its roots by a recent storm and carried two miles.

Californians are shipping apples to Australia, and propose to send them to Liverpool also, for which market they have extensive orders.

Black eagles are common enough, but a colored Goddess of Liberty is a rare bird. At the emancipation observance in Springfield, Mo., on the 22d inst., however, the Goddess was dark-hued.

Among the colored refugees in Kansas is an entire Baptist Church of three hundred persons from Delta, La., led by their pastor and deacons.

Some French papers now write Mr. for Monsieur instead of merely M. This is an improvement, because M. is ambiguous, and may stand for an initial.

President Grevy's country life in the Jura is marked by the quietest simplicity—only a guard of a few soldiers at his garden-gate indicates his position.

A new mode of collecting honey is being tried in Germany. A small apparatus, with wires, gives the bees an electric shock, and they fall to the bottom of the hive, remaining motionless for several hours.

A man in Lexington, Ky., was sued the other day for seven years' rent of a pew in St. Paul's Church. The Judge seemed to think seats in a church ought to be without money and without price, and gave judgment for defendant.

Some New Haven workmen in removing a piece of masonry built seven years ago, found, buried in the cement a toad. It was black, and apparently lifeless; but, after a few minutes exposure to the air, it breathed and hopped away.

The task sent by Cetywayo to Lord Chelmsford to intimate his wish for peace is now at the Colonial Office. It is seven feet in length and about half a yard thick at the broadest part. It is pronounced the finest ever seen in England.

A letter from the Tichborne claimant to Mr. Guildford Onslow states that he has earned the required number of marks (13,670) to complete a seven years' sentence. If Her Majesty, he says, has refused to sign his pardon, it is because her Ministers have advised her not to do so.

Queen Victoria once signified to Viscount Macduff, now Earl of Fife, that she would not be unwilling to have him for a son-in-law. The nobleman respectfully declined the honor. He is not yet 30, was schooled at Eton, has eight residences in the Highlands, and is warmly spoken of by all classes.

Margaret Robertson, the oldest woman in Scotland, died at Conner Angus a few days ago. She was born in 1773, and her husband, a weaver, died fifty years ago, and left her with a daughter, who is still alive, and over sixty. Mrs. Robertson was a heavy smoker, and until recently, when she became blind, was in possession of all her faculties. Her last illness was only of a week's duration.

The bullet which De Young sent into Kalloch at San Francisco, has been removed through the instrumentality of the latter's wife. In dressing his wound she saw a dark object protruding, and told him to put his finger upon it. He did so, and said: "I believe it is the bullet; pull it out." She made several attempts, and finally succeeded in extracting it.

William Lydie and Charles Morris were a young woman's suitors at Asheville, N. C. After considerable coquettish hesitation she chose Morris, and promised to marry him. The revengeful Lydie caught Morris in the woods, bound him to a tree, and disfigured him with a knife in a horrible manner, for which the fiend has been sentenced to sixty years' imprisonment.

That invalid wife, mother, sister or child can be made the picture of health with Hop Bitters.

In the midst of the performance of an extravaganza at a Boston theatre an old man rises in the parquet and says that he is displeased with his seat, and is unable to hear well. One of the actors invites him to sit in a chair on the stage, which he does, and finally takes a ludicrous part in the acting. It is not until near the close of the piece, so clever is the imposition, that the audience sees the old man is a member of the company.

Among the checks sent out recently from the Treasury in payment of the quarterly interest on the United States 4 per centum loan, was one of $50 000 to the order of William H. Vanderbilt, being the quarterly interest on $5 000 000 United States 4 per centum bonds registered in his name. Mr. J. C. Flood, of the firm of Flood & O'Brien, of San Francisco, has also $5 000 000 registered stock of the 5 per centum bonds which have not yet been called. These gentlemen are the two largest single holders of United States registered bonds.

An adventurer, who professed to represent a New York trust company, and to have millions under his control, purchased with his own notes mining property in Leadville exceeding $2 000,000 in value. In his bargains he stipulated that payments should not be made before September. He bought five mines, some large reduction works, and real estate without end. Before his notes fell due he disappeared. He seemed to be a business man with unlimited means at command, who was bent on securing the most valuable mining properties for speculative purposes.

During the Emperor William's stay at Gastein an itinerant conjurer was introduced one evening to amuse the Kaiser and his suite, and brought down the distinguished house with his exordium to a trick: "Now, if any one happens to have a clean handkerchief—"

In the year 1864 two domesticated goats left Harper's Ferry and took refuge on Maryland Heights. Since then they have increased till the flock now numbers about three hundred, and they are in every respect wild goats, without the least trace of domestic habits.

The Venomous Breath of Malaria

Does not infect the systems of those who use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a precaution against it. Nor is it less useful as a remedy where intermittent and remittent fever has fully established itself, in consequence of a neglect of preventive measures. It checks the paroxysms with astonishing certainty, and eradicates this type of disease, even in its most inveterate form. This medicine is an especial boon to the emigrant population of the far West, where fevers of a malarial type are particularly prevalent, but the recognition of its merits is so far from being limited, that it is known and appreciated at its true value throughout the length and breadth of America. Travelers by land and sea, miners and sojourners in unhealthy localities, esteem it highly, and are its most constant purchasers, and in many a rural household far and wide it is the chosen family specific.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of vitality, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City*.

THE SECRET KEY TO HEALTH.—The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation, 300 pages, Price, only $1. Contains fifty valuable prescriptions, either one of which is worth more than ten times the price of the book. Illustrated sample sent on receipt of 6 cents for postage. Address, Dr. W. H. Parker, 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.

We have examined a sample of the "Common Sense Hair Crimper, Frizzer and Curler," advertised in another column, and we unhesitatingly advise our lady readers to give them a trial, as they seem to be all that the advertiser claims for them.

One wineglass full of "Sapanule" to one quart of water, used as a wash cures Chapped Hands and Roughness of Skin.

When worn down and ready to take your bed, Hop Bitters is what you need to relieve you.

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, Diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs the organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

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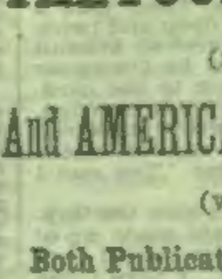

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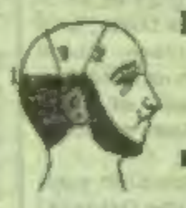

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

IN the new woolen materials for autumn wear two styles are noticeable; one has a glace effect, obtained by the groundwork being shot with a contrasting color; the other style consists of gay designs of Oriental cashmeres, long familiar to us in Indian shawls. Cloth, twilled serge, and woolen satine are now all shot. The cashmere stuffs are exceptionably handsome; some are gay and bright, others subdued blendings of rich dark colors, but both marked with the Persian designs, arranged with the informality and absence of stiffness for which Eastern patterns are always remarkable. The palm leaf, of course, is revived in all sizes and hues, varied with arabesques and broken lines; indeed, many of the fabrics intended for overdresses and wraps present a mixture of colors and lines as artistic and irregular as those of a Turkey carpet. Some of the most costly of such materials have a quantity of silk in them, and this is nearly all brought to the surface. These cashmere patterns are used in combination with plain fabrics, or with shot ones of dark shade, and suggest something of the prevailing hues of the figured stuffs.

Materials with flowered stripes are also popular this season. This style and the Oriental designs will be used for the trimming and accessories of the toilette. These fabrics of mixed silk and wool will be used principally for dress trimmings and vests. Similar fabrics of silk (which are very costly) will be employed for trimming very elegant dresses, and will also be used for house caps. When it is not desired to have anything very expensive, brocaded silk is used for corsages with paniers. Brocade, embroidery—in a word, all very expensive trimmings—are in great favor. In these handsome goods gold and silver is frequently mixed with silk for the designs. This fashion is also followed in ribbons, which are covered with brocaded designs in silk, and very frequently in silk mixed with gold and silver.

In the making of woolen suits the most important change has been the substitution of the trimmed skirt for the overskirt. This renders the dress more compact, less burdensome, and more susceptible of complete and harmonious design. The principal changes in costume are made in those for indoor wear, and yet the changes are not decided.

Polonaises may still be worn, but one should hasten to make use of those already on hand. The overskirt, and above all the dress composed of pieces and ends set together on a foundation of heavy muslin or light silk, reigns supreme at present, and there is no longer a question of separate skirts worn with a polonaise of the same or different goods.

The long seams extending to the shoulder, where the side forms are introduced, are not seen on the latest imported dresses. The seam is now curved to the armhole, after the fashion of a few years ago. It is thought that the long seams give a narrow effect to the shoulders, and apparently increase the size of the waist. The extra side form at the front is still used, as it obviates the necessity of cross basque seams. Shoulder seams are still short, and sleeves, unless on demi-toilets, are long enough to cover all the arm.

Many elegant black dresses have been made for visiting and carriage wear; the materials are black satin for the skirt, and brocaded satin for the overdress. One example I noticed was trimmed in front with three deep kiltings covered with three rows of chenille fringe, with wide netted heading and pendant drops. The brocaded overdress formed a basque, with panier folds and a Princesse back, all trimmed with gathered black satin. The mantle was black camel's hair, lined with old gold silk, and trimmed with the new fringe of ravelled silk, and cashmere beaded passementerie. The cashmere beads represent every color shown in India cashmere shawls, and form a most effective ornament on black mantles. These cashmere designs are seen on everything—even on muffs, ribbons, and feathers.

With the exception of costumes intended for street wear, all corsages are made open, and even walking costumes are made to open over a vest of some style or other. For the various occasions on which it is not desirable to expose the neck, there is prepared a host of guimpes and plastrons of pleated muslin or pleated silk. This detail of the toilette will furnish a large field for the inventive genius of those who manufacture articles of this description.

The newest shirring for guimpes or for fabrics catches the fabrics in tucks, three or four in a cluster, leaving an interval between, like a puff; this is most effective on satin. Some of the new basques are very short on the hips, and very long behind, ending in two great tabs that form tassels, or else are tied in two bows.

Many of our leading dressmakers show very little partiality for paniers. Dresses of rich materials are rarely made with them, but are as plain, narrow and clinging as in past seasons. Trains, however, which have been abandoned for months have again reappeared—not the long trains of other days, but what the Parisians call the "demi-train," trailing on the ground not more than a couple of inches, and these new trains are fan-shaped. Take, for example, a prune de Monsieur satin dress, the tunic of striped velvet to match; the upper portion of the satin train forms interlaced sash ends, and towards the centre, at the back beneath the ends, there is a deep plaiting of striped velvet, which spreads out like a peacock's tail. This same queue de paon demi-train is reproduced in many costumes, and it was generally of velvet, even though there was no velvet in any other part of the dress—a heavy material producing a better effect than a light supple one.

All the short costumes are made on a foundation skirt of inexpensive material. For example, a cheap black silk skirt may form the foundation, on the edge of which is a wide knife pleating of black satin. The drapery consists of four long full breadths of the satin sewed in the belt, and shirred up each seam and trimmed on the seams with a bright colored brocaded material. Silk fringe knotted in the hair edges the front, and a wide knife pleating of satin on the back. A cluster of black satin loops showing old gold lining is at the end of the lengthwise bands of brocade. Panier scarfs of the black satin de Lyon begin in front at the belt, open in curves, and end in the side seams, with many loops of black and old gold. The basque is brocaded velvet in small stripes and palm leaves of mixed red, old gold, and black. The basque is very short on the hips, allowing the paniers to escape there, and is very long behind, forming two tabs, each tied with a bow of black satin lined with gold.

The wide, colored canvas belts now worn have the addition of canvas bags of the color of the belt, and mounted in yellow or black leather. They are fastened by a buckle on the outside, the inside being in different compartments, and inside with silk. Two leather straps are placed at the top, through which the belt is run. More expensive belts are of silk canvas, red, blue, yellow or white, and mounted in real alligator skin. Novel bags attached to the belt are of yellow leather, in horseshoe shape, having a rim of black about the width of a horseshoe extending around, and on this rim there are yellow spots at intervals, which simulate the nails by which the shoe is attached to the horse's hoof. The inner portion of the bag is black, with a yellow rim and black dottings on the outside. The fastenings are straps and buckles, and the belts are in keeping.

When cloth is used for jackets or coats, it is not smooth, lustrous broadcloth, but woven in large diagonals, in basket squares, or in stripes and checks; there are also camel's hair cloths with fleecy lining. All the new cloths are thick, yet soft and flexible, and are used in black and drab more than any other colors. Next in favor for trimming jackets comes the new fabric called Ottoman velours, in which the rope is as conspicuously large as the terry rope employed for upholstering furniture. It is used for borders, collars and cuffs, and so is uncut velvet. The plan of sewing near together six or seven rows of thick braid that is half an inch wide, is still popular on jackets of figured cloth.

The panier mantle which Worth introduced is very dressy; it is made of fine camels' hair in black or bronze satin, in plain and figured velvet, and trimmed with feathered ruches, ravelled fringes, jet passementerie, jet rosettes, and fringe, and sometimes with gay many-colored cashmere beads in galloons or fringes. The fronts of the panier mantle are longer than the back, and are laid in full folds on the hips, the seams at the back being ornamented with tassel drops.

For traveling and wet weather circulars and ulsters divide popular favor. The former outline the figure closely, and have no belt at the waist.

Fireside Chat.

THE LATEST FANCY WORK NOVELTIES.

THE chief novelty in fancy work just now is the use of all kinds of damask materials as a foundation for embroidery. For example, a pretty border for a mantel-piece or brackets had been arranged out of a woolen tapestry border, the foundation dark green and gold; the butterflies in the pattern had been carried out in silk, each of a different color, and other portions of the scroll work had been brought out into greater relief by the use of silk. This had the advantage of being very easy work, and had been applied to a variety of cushions, tablecloths, and other purposes, the patterns being always mediæval. Stamped velvet had the pattern also outlined in the same manner.

A new style of cushion had squares of drab satin, each worked with a small floral spray, the intervening squares being filled up with tiny daisy balls of crimson wool on canvas alternating with a double cross-stitch design, also in crimson wool.

Kingfishers, embroidered in wool, had been introduced on the corners of crash tablecloths with surroundings of bulrushes and leaves.

Music folios, covered with crash, were embroidered with poppies, marguerites, and cornflowers surrounding the word "Music." Oatmeal cloth and Russian cloth were also used, the work being made up after the embroidery is done.

Some new designs for washing-stand screens on crash, fringed round, showed swallows amid grasses and reeds, also bunches of red pioconies on honeycomb cloth. A new piano mat, intended to be laid in front of the piano, was designed on gray felt, the pattern also birds and leaves.

A new kind of antimacassar has been introduced of late. The centre is a strip of holland colored canvas, worked in crewel stitch with a scroll of colored flowers, bordered with woolen lace, crocheted in shaded wools green or blue. The mixture of crochet in this way with silk embroidery is a new idea. Canvas work seems to be coming in again; it is no longer worked in cross-stitch, but often in crewel stitch, supplemented by appliques of chintz or velvet, embroidered round.

There are many new novelties in transfer work. I give the preference to groups of flowers and birds, cut out of old-fashioned brocaded silk, and transferred to cloth, velvet, silk or satin. The pieces must be sewn on with tiny satin stitches, exactly matching the edge of the damask and very evenly worked. I would suggest that a folio for keeping photographs or prints, covered with black velvet, and ornamented in this way, with a group of flowers on one side and a wreath on the other, would be worth having, and, better still, worth giving.

Another suggestion is a pianoforte cover, the foundation drab cloth, bordered with damask ivy leaves sewn on with split wool a shade darker than the cloth; a wreath of the same in the centre, enclosing an embroidered monogram, and a bunch at each corner. If such leaves cannot be found in silk damask, they may be cut out in dark green cloth, treated in the same way, and veined with long stitches of wool darker than the leaves.

An ingenious friend of mine had converted an old thick shawl into a drugget by cutting out the leaves and flowers from a worn out piece of printed druggeting, and grouping them on the shawl. When a satisfactory pattern had been thus arranged, these flowers were pasted on and pressed with an iron, and the edges worked over with the commonest coarse gray yarn, the edge of the shawl bound with Turkey red carpet binding. It had been put down in a furnished house over a shabby carpet, and was a complete success.

Another new form of applique, is flowers cut out in paper, and covered with silk of the right shade, and then sewn on to cloth, satin, or sometimes Japanese or Panama canvas. It admits of infinite variety, but requires great neatness and an artistic eye. It is being applied to table borders, tea cosies, curtain borders, and many other uses, and is known as applique patchwork: I find that the store of pieces collected for patchwork are turned to account in this way with far more profit. Care must be taken to cut the paper with the utmost exactness, and to cover it with the silk so perfectly that the form is preserved. In sewing it up to the foundation, the necessary veinings, petals, stamens, etc., are formed.

A very favorite plan of getting a large piece of work quickly finished is to make it of a variety of small pieces, each undertaken by a different friend. I have seen a tablecloth border, sets of antimacassars, sets of chair covers, and large worked covers for sofas and ottomans, thus carried out; and now large square carpets are being made of 12 inches square, of any dark serge, house flannel, or rough material of the kind, each embroidered in crewels with a flower, the square defined by a thick line of embroidery in black wool. Before working, the square is lined with sacking, and the several pieces are sewn together, so that the black outline forms decided squares. The idea is not a new one, though the mode of carrying it out may be: for a few years back a carpet was exhibited belonging once, it is said, to Napoleon I., and worked by his sisters and the ladies of his court. The foundation was canvas, with squares of German tapestry, size 18 inches, each filled with a landscape formed by embroidered garlands of flowers, the floriated border which surrounded the whole being half a yard deep. It was 25 feet square, and the coloring and grouping very good indeed. The Emperor is said to have prized it much, not only for its intrinsic value, but for its associations. Combined work brings many pleasant memories to add value to the thing itself and on that score is worth a thought.

I have come across some novelties in the way of screens. Many of the short low ones are now made of arabesque designs in perforated wood, which opens a new field for wood carvers. There is a narrow border at the top, a wider one at the base, the centre being of close set designs. Then again, many larger screens are covered with cloth. The pattern, forming a border, is cut out and edged with narrow braid, a bright or very distinct color being laid underneath, such as sky-blue under sage-green, canary beneath claret, and so on. This is a revival in work, and a complete contrast to applique. It is applied to slippers, cushions, and a variety of purposes. Small hand screens may be easily made on the frames of those cheap circular fans, if you have any by you, which could be compressed into a very small narrow space. They are made of a circular form, of a piece of the coarse ecru canvas or tammy, pinked at the edges, and worked with a coarse design in red wool, and are folded in a succession of plaits, meeting in the centre just as the fans were; a large red button or bow finishes them off in the middle.

Pretty work baskets are now made in silver cardboard, embroidered with silk or chenille, and put together with chenille or cord, the cardboard being generally sold cut or stamped the right shape. The Pompadour cottons I have also seen utilized, and some half a yard over from a dress would make a very fair sized work-case. Proceed as follows: Cut an oval of cardboard about eight inches long, cover this with the cotton both sides. Then take a strip of the cotton eight inches deep and twice as long as the cardboard measures all around it: gather the strip at both edges, in the upper one insert a wire, the low sew to the cardboard; place a ruche of pink outside the edge, and a pink lama bag inside sewn to the wire; a ribbon is drawn through the runner at the top of the bag to draw it together. The one I saw came from Paris.

Things of an Oriental type are now the fashion, so I will describe some mats made up of Oriental squares in Paris, and imported here. Their size is 7½ inches square. I take three as a sample of the rest. They are all lined with sateen to match the prevailing tone of color, have twelve worsted tassels, of all colors, sewn on at intervals as a finish to the edge. No. 1 has a foundation of olive-green velvet, the pattern forming a lozenge, the centre of which is a St. Andrew's cross of linen, worked in chain stitch, with vandykes in red, yellow and green silk; a brownish-red star of velvet in the middle, edged with a button hole of gold thread. The rest of the lozenge is filled with four diamonds at each corner, half claret, half green velvet, edged, as is the entire lozenge, with a scroll of shaded silk and gold thread worked in button hole.

Number 2 has two outer stripes of peacock-green velvet, an under one of brownish red, divided by chain stitch of gold thread and silk; on the green stripes are two ovals of red velvet, bordered in the same way; on the reddish brown velvet two diamonds let in of coarse ecru linen, worked in chain stitch with leaves and flowers.

No. 3 describes a cross in ruby velvet, divided into squares by a scroll work of gold thread and silk, the four corners filled in with Oriental embroidery in ecru silk and gold on coarse linen, the entire centre being formed of a lace stitch in squares—the work really good. The artistic coloring of these is most successful. Almost any morsels of materials might be thus adapted: and, thrown on a table here and there, they give just the touch of color often wanted in rooms where one distinct tone would be an eyesore.

A new cover for the chimney of a lamp not in use lately, I believe, also from Paris. It takes the form of a loosely made rose, in colored wool, and large enough to protect the top of the chimney, with the appearance of having dropped from over ripeness on to it. The stem, made of wire covered with wool, has several leaves attached, made with shaded green wool on wire.

For lamp shades, a large full-blown cabbage rose, made of paper, slipped over the glass globe, the petals turning upwards, is a good accompaniment to the above. They are made as other paper flowers, but without a centre, the base being a circle of wire, from which the rose leaves spring.

I have seen some more artistic lamp shades of late, made of four oblong pieces of silk, each painted in a different design of flowers, united by lace insertion, and bordered with lace.

Answers to Inquirers.

MELITTA, (Susquehanna, Pa.)—We are unable to give the information you require.

DORA, (Crawford, Mo.)—Dora signifies "the gift of God;" Daisy, "innocence;" Sarah, "a princess."

CORNA, (New York, N. Y.)—It would be more polite, when he gives his seat, to bow and thank the gentleman for his kindness.

MARGOT, (Morris, N. Y.)—Lemon-juice rubbed on the face at night, and washed off in the morning, without using soap, is said to remove freckles.

EDITH MAUD, (Phila., Pa.)—Take no notice of the gentleman: if he really desires your acquaintance, he will find some means of obtaining an introduction.

LILIAN B., (Columbia, Wis.)—You would do well to consult a medical man. Any disease in the skin of the face is such a serious discomfort that it is not wise to tamper with it. We reply as soon as space permits.

I. L. M., (Jefferson, W. Va.)—If you really wish to marry her, why, of course, you must again press the question. You went about the business before in too matter of fact a way. Throw a little sentiment into the negotiation next time.

CONSUL, (Rapides, La.)—Do not believe in any superstitious reason for not wearing the ring if it pleases you to receive it. We think it would not be quite delicate on the part of the gentleman to offer you a second hand present.

SCIANTES, (Richmond, Va.)—We believe the rule is to peel the apple with the dessert knife, cut in small pieces and convey it to your mouth with the dessert fork. 2. For persons with irritable skins, warm, is better than cold water to wash with.

SARA D., (Burke, Ga.)—Literally Sabbath means a season or day of rest. Strictly speaking, Sabbath is not synonymous with Sunday. Sabbath is the institution; Sunday, the first day of the week, or Lord's day so called in commemoration of the resurrection of Christ on that day.

JOHN, (Key West, Fla.)—The coloring of cheese is a general custom, but not a necessary operation; annatto is chiefly employed for this purpose. The usual mode of application is to dip a piece of the requisite weight in a bowl of milk and rub it on a piece of smooth stone until the milk assumes a deep red color.

EFFIE DEANE, (Fulton, Ill.)—1. Blue has a tendency to make people look pale, therefore it is not becoming to people with a sallow complexion. 2. Wash the roots of the hair daily in cold water; it will strengthen it and help keep it a light color. 3. Introduce the gentleman to the lady, that is, mention the gentleman's name first. 4. You must be guided by the gentleman's taste in the choice of a present.

ZESQUETSCHT, (Phila., Pa.)—A man may be in love, after your fashion, with every pretty woman he meets, not only with two, but with twenty. The truth is, you are in love with neither of these girls, and either of them would be foolish to marry you, for after the knot was tied you might, and probably would wish you had the other. Bachelorhood is the place for you until you get a little fickle mind.

MAMIE L., (Balt., Md.)—If he cared for you and your reputation, he would openly and at your home show you his attentions. The best way of testing him and his quality is to resolutely refuse to associate with him unless he presents himself squarely as your suitor before your own and his friends, and even then be careful of him, for what do you know of the character and antecedents of the fellow? Sidewalk lovers are not the ones for decent girls.

AMY, (Milford, Ind.)—Amy Robsart was the wife of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and was supposed to have been murdered by him at Cumnor, but no positive proof of the fact has ever been adduced. Sir Walter Scott, in his novel entitled "Kenilworth," has somewhat distorted the historical facts of the case; but his work has taken such a hold on common opinion, that she is generally believed to have been murdered at her husband's instigation.

TENNYSON, (Lomen, Cal.)—The lotus is a plant said by the ancients to make those who ate of it forget their native country, and lose all desire to return to it. The so-called lotus-eaters are those who give themselves up entirely to pleasure. 2. Margaret, or Peg, Woffington was an eminent Irish actress who made her first appearance in London at Covent Garden Theatre in 1739. 3. Ralph is frequently pronounced raf; Geoffrey Jeffry; Eurydice as if spelt u-rid-e-se.

YACTO, (Bracken, Ky.)—The Hyades were the five daughters of Atlas, king of Mauritania, who were so disconsolate at the death of their brother Hyas, killed by a boar that they pined away and died. They became stars after death, and were placed after Taurus, one of the twelve signs of the zodiac. Their names are Thoia, Ambrosia, Eudora, Coronis, and Polyxus. To these some have added Theine and Prodice. The ancients supposed that the rising and setting of the Hyades were always attended with much rain.

CONSTANT, (Harrison, O.)—1. Thank the gentleman and state your reasons for refusing. 2. No, it is not much better to refuse than to stand up and spoil a dance through your ignorance of the figures. Take all the chances you can to learn: and besides how do you know you will spoil the figure. 3. As a rule all the guests sit down at once to supper. If light refreshments are served during the evening, gentlemen offer to take ladies to the refreshment room after dancing with them. 4. The watch and chain are out of place for ladies' evening dress.

HERVE, (Hartford, Conn.)—Bunions, when first formed, are soft, and also after the pressure of the shoe; but this condition soon changes, if the exciting cause is continued, to a permanent thickening and disfigurement of the part. The treatment of bunions must commence by removing the provoking cause, pressure; and where the inflammation extends to the skin, and the pain is acute, the toe should be well fomented: sometimes a camomile poultice is useful: when the inflammatory stage has been subdued, the bunion is to be rubbed with mercurial ointment and camphor, in proportion of 2 drachms of the latter and 1 oz. of the former. From the first the pressure must be completely off the part, by wearing a small adhesive plaster spread on the thickest buckskin, with a hole cut out large enough to admit the bunion to pass through.

BEGINNER, (Harrisburg, Pa.)—There are several ways of fixing pencil-drawings: one is by dissolving a piece of good gum Arabic in a tumbler of cold water; it must be stirred now and then to facilitate its melting. This solution is to be washed, once only, completely over the face of the drawing, which is then to be left un-touched, and kept free from dust until dry. There is, however, another way, that is, by steaming the drawing; it is done by passing it face downwards over a vessel of boiling water, till the steam has made the paper quite damp all over the surface. The first named process imparts a gloss and brightness to the drawing, more or less, according to the gum used with the water, an effect which is often undesirable. For finely manipulated figure or portrait sketches, the steaming process is by far the best, and quite as effectual as gum for rendering the work lasting.

CATO, (Phila., Pa.)—Italian Opera was first introduced into England at the beginning of the eighteenth century, the first work performed entirely in the Italian language being "Almahide," of which the music is attributed to Buononcini, and which was produced in 1710 with Valentini, Nicolini, Margarita de l'Epine, Cassani and "Signora Isabella." In the principal parts. Previously for about three years, it had been the custom for Italian and English vocalists to sing each in their own language. "The king, or hero of the play," says Addison, "generally spoke in Italian, and his answer answered him in English; the lover frequently made his court and gained the heart of his princess in a language which she did not understand." One would have thought it very difficult to have carried on dialogues in this manner without an interpreter between the persons that conversed together; but this was the state of the English stage for about three years.

YOUNG WIFE, (Phila., Pa.)—Care is a good economist in a wardrobe: it will save the nine stitches by putting the one that is needed: and by folding and brushing, and putting away, will make clothes last and look respectable twice as long as they otherwise would. A careful person will also find it worth while to change the clothing according to the present employment. Women's dresses and mantles are kept better hung up in wardrobes or closets secured from dust, than folded in drawers, as they become crossed and rumbled by folding. Men's clothes, when folded, should be placed where there is room for them to lie without being pressed. Before brushing clothes, if they are very dusty, they should be taken or spread upon a horse, and some of the dust whipped out with a switch; or, if there is much dry dirt, it should be rubbed off. They may be spread upon a clean board and brushed the way the nap of the cloth runs. They should be brushed lightly and quickly, in such a manner as not to scrape off the nap. A duster should be at hand to remove dirt as it gathers on the board.